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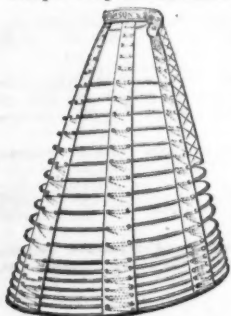
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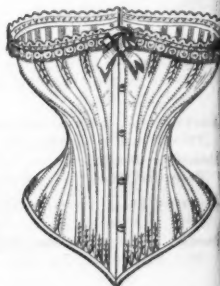


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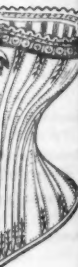
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THE MONTH.

MAY 1867.

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All Books and Publications intended for review in the MONTH should be sent to the Editor, at 50 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W., or at the Publishers', Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Hall Court, Ludgate Street, E.C. It is requested that Letters and Manuscripts may be sent to the former address.

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** * * Advertisements to be sent to MR. G. BLAND, 27 St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.*

Dangers in Education.

A CRY of alarm reaches us from the other side of the Channel. M. Victor de Laprade, member of the Academy, a poet and critic of the first order, raises a half-indignant, half-suppliant, voice against the miseries inflicted on the young by the present system of French education. *L'Education Homicide*!—such is the title of his pamphlet*—written with less exaggeration and sensational strain than might have been expected from so terrible a conjunction of words. The pamphlet is well worth reading, and it opens out many interesting questions which have their importance to ourselves, though we are happy to say that the particular danger which has occasioned its composition is not as yet formidable in England, and that M. Laprade pays an honourable tribute to the superiority of English systems of education on the point which has moved him so deeply.

The murderous education of which M. de Laprade complains is the system of most French colleges and *lycées* with regard to the distribution of hours during the day, and the relative quantities of work and play which are allotted to their students. There is, he tells us,—and we shall presently see that he tells us with great truth,—a most exorbitant preponderance of hours of study and confinement in the French system. He includes under his complaint all places of education without discrimination, as to the main charge, though he allows that the schools and colleges conducted by clergy or by religious men are far more gentle and elastic in their exactions than others. If we understand him aright, the root of the evil lies in the stern necessity of the degree of the *baccalauréat*, which is conferred by the University, and which is an indispensable condition in most professions and public employments. But this is not all,—for a mere degree might be obtained, as it used to be obtained in old days at Oxford or Cambridge, without labour on the part of the candidate. A young gentleman—so it used to be whispered in old times at Oxford—though perhaps, like other traditions of the happy ages of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, this particular tradition may have gained somewhat in proportion and colouring from

* *L'Education Homicide. Plaidoyer pour l'Enfance.* Par V. de Laprade. Paris, 1867.

the tendency of the human mind to indulge in myths—a young gentleman used to ask certain seniors to dinner and to wine, and obtained their incorruptible suffrages over bottles of not uncorrupted port. At all events, the qualifications necessary for a degree which every one must have need not be very difficult to acquire. It was necessary, in old days, for all Anglican clergymen to have a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, and the standard was fixed rather by the capacities of the average of candidates than by what the Universities in their own serene wisdom might have thought sufficient as a condition for the high honour of their hoods. This method may have been an abuse, and it has at all events vanished from English Universities for more than half a century. Within a much shorter period than that which we have named, the *baccalauréat* was not so very formidable even in France and under the Universitarian régime. M. de Laprade declares that the young men of his own generation had nothing to complain of on this score. "We found ourselves bachelors at the end of our year of philosophy without having thought about it. No single scholar of my time made his studies under the pressure of that anxiety which seizes on students nowadays even from the grammar classes. Some weeks before the time at which we were to leave the college we were told that we had an examination to undergo, as we had done so often before, and this trial did not give much more trouble beforehand than the rest, even to scholars of mediocre attainments." But the system has been changed since those happy days in several important points. M. de Laprade attributes the screw which has since been put on to the influence of the set of professors and men of letters who came into power under the Government of July. The examinations have been worked up to a pitch of iron rigidity and tabular completeness which have taken the breath out of the unfortunate candidates who have to submit to them. Their programme is most extensive, and the list of questions is printed beforehand. We believe that we are right in gathering from M. de Laprade's words that the healthy and manly practice of *viva-voce* examination no longer prevails—a practice which may have its drawbacks, and might be unfair in particular cases if it were relied on too exclusively, but which, we think, will be acknowledged by all well versed in the subject to be singularly valuable for the discovery of a candidate's real mental qualifications. At least, if there is such a thing in the present French system, it is limited by an official set of questions and subjects. M. de Laprade contrasts his own experience. In the days of which he speaks with regret, "the candidates," he says, "found themselves confronted by sensible men who were not at all superior to the examiners of the present day, but who were free

to move as they liked in the entire circle of studies, to lead the intelligence of the young men here and there, and to feel it in every direction, and ascertain the only thing that can be worth consideration before they have entered on higher and professional studies, that is, whether their mind has been opened and whether they possess general capacity."

The results of the exaggerated system of examination for the *baccalauréat* are seen, according to M. de Laprade, in a general pressure on the mental exertions of the candidate, a practice of forcing and cram which begins early in his schoolboy life. At the same time, as we shall presently see, our author is not quite consistent (if we understand him rightly) in the heavy charge which he brings against the most modern causes of high pressure on the intellectual powers. He attacks the whole college system, which dates from the period, after the Reformation, when attention was first directed to the regulation of education. He finds the origin of a too severe and exacting method of dealing with the young in the clerical and religious character of the earliest educators. They were monks, he says, and their ideas were all drawn from monastic life. Monastic life is arranged on the principle of making the body suffer, of mortification and penance: the same principle was allowed to operate on and make victims of the youths committed to the care of religious men. This part of M. de Laprade's book seems to us open to much criticism. It may even be questioned whether he does not exaggerate the influence of the principle of mortification in the religious life itself: it can hardly be doubtful that he is carried on by his argument to exaggerate its influence far more extravagantly as to the education of the young under monastic rules.* This is a question which it would require a good deal of research to enter on fully: but we think that M. de Laprade here falls into an error, of which we could find many parallel examples in the writings of critics among ourselves who attack systems or places of public education. He has forgotten to consider that methods of education are only portions in a large social system, and that they must necessarily

* "Les premières maisons d'éducation calquées sur les couvents furent donc ce qu'elles sont encore de nos jours, à peu de chose près, des maisons de force fondées en haine de l'enfance, et pour lui infliger une participation précoce aux luttes et aux douleurs de la vie Je ne réponds pas qu'au plus profond de la pensée des inventeurs, et avec les idées qu'avaient léguées le Moyen Age, ces maisons ne fussent, en principe, de véritables pénitenciers, et qu'il n'y eut pas, dans la règle établie, un parti préconçu d'infliger la douleur à l'enfant comme l'éducatrice nécessaire à notre nature corrompue" . . . pp. 15, 16.

reflect the characteristic features and habits of the society which engenders them and uses them. We doubt his facts altogether, as he states them: but if it were shown, as perhaps it might be shown, that they are true to a certain extent, we should look for their explanation to the habits of life of the time of which he speaks, which were far stricter, more hardy, and, if he chooses, more religious, in their treatment of the young than those with which we are familiar. Good Christian families, at all events, were not monasteries: but we suspect that in such families as might fairly be considered the highest specimens of their class M. de Laprade might have found, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a good deal of that which he denounces as the fruits of the ultra-monastic spirit. Again, he seems not quite to have emancipated himself from the influence of the prejudices lately prevalent in France against the Jesuits, when he speaks—though with much moderation—of their system of education as being based on the idea of what he calls “moral compression.”* But we must content ourselves, on these interesting subjects, with a simple protest against exaggeration.

The main complaint of M. de Laprade's pamphlet is certainly one in which it is not difficult to sympathise with him entirely. He tells us that the youths at the colleges and lycées in France have eleven hours of hard desk-study during the day, and very little healthy recreation. We wish that we had space to translate at length his description of the day of one of these unfortunate victims.

* “En frappant de leur sceau les premiers règlements faits pour le régime des écoliers nourris chez leurs maîtres et cédés par les familles à l'omnipotence de l'instituteur, ces religieux, si conséquents et si habiles, n'ont certainement pas calculé leurs méthodes d'éducation pour en obtenir avant tout l'énergie du tempérament et du caractère, la vigueur et l'indépendance de la raison, en un mot, tout ce qui constitue la forte personnalité. Ce n'est pas s'avancer beaucoup que d'affirmer, en face des collèges, qu'aux anciennes idées de compression physique et de mortification du corps léguées par le Moyen Age, les fondateurs des couvents destinés à l'enfance ont ajouté l'idée de la compression morale, de la soumission présentée comme l'unique source de vertu, de la suppression systématique de la volonté et de la raison personnelles,” p. 22. M. de Laprade is hardly aware, by the way, that the original idea of the Colleges of the Society of Jesus did not at all include these “écoliers nourris chez leur maîtres et cédés par les familles à l'omnipotence de l'instituteur.” The *pensionnats* were an after thought, forced on the Society rather against its will. The normal Jesuit College is such as the great Roman College, where a thousand boys who live with their families at home are taught daily and gratuitously every branch of knowledge, and where they may go on, if they choose, through the most complete courses of philosophy and theology with all its auxiliary studies to the highest degrees which any University can confer.

He rises, we are told, between five and six—a very good thing, says M. de Laprade, but there ought to be a little fresh air allowed to the young body which is thus early delivered from the *miasmes* of the dormitory. He dresses and says a short prayer, and then is fixed between a bench and a table for two hours or so. “Cet ennui est compensé par les douceurs du thème ou de l’analyse grammaticale et logique.” From half-past seven to eight, breakfast and a few minutes of recreation—too short, of course, for real relaxation. From eight to twelve, four hours of study and immobility—only broken into by the passing from one schoolroom to another, in file and in silence. Dinner is at twelve: that is, when the pupils have scarcely left their work since they rose from bed. Dinner is passed in silence,—except when what M. de Laprade rather savagely calls “la barbare tradition d’assaisonner le repas d’une lecture” has been kept up,—and then follows, for the first time, exercise of the body. This is taken in most cases in a court. It is seldom large, usually surrounded by high buildings, unvisited itself by the sun except when its rays are vertical. There for three-quarters of an hour or for an hour at most the pupils may exercise their limbs and their tongues if they please: but in many cases, he reminds us, there will be extra tasks, detentions, and other special impediments to the enjoyment of this limited and modified form of recreation. M. de Laprade’s description of an imaginary visit to one of these courts is almost pathetic. He takes us first to the little boys—the lower line, or “lower bounds,” as it would be called in one of our colleges. There, he says, the boys *do* still play a little: but hoops (?), balls, and tops are vanishing gradually. “Between a Latin theme and a rule of arithmetic, between a task and a ‘keeping-in,’ improscribable nature imposes on these little bodies and on these young souls just a little movement.” Then he goes to the place where the elder pupils amuse themselves. Here he breaks out almost into poetry at the recollection of the sports, contests, and battles of his own youth. “Oh! les belles parties de coups de poings, les seuls souvenirs sans nuages, les meilleurs bénéfices que m’ait laissés le collège avec quelques bonnes amitiés!” This is a little Pindaric, perhaps—the reminiscences of fisticuffs may be more pleasant than the reality, but we trust that to many of us the black eyes that we may have received are not exactly the *only* unclouded memories of our happy school-days. However, it might be better, certainly, if the young Frenchmen of whom M. de Laprade speaks could be engaged in honourable pugnacity than in the lounging indolent habits which he goes on to describe. No more battles or games—“the progress of discipline and fine manners have swept away these last vestiges of the

heroic and barbarous age." Muscular exertion is banished from "la cour des grands." They are walking round and round, like squirrels in a cage, only not half so lively, talking politics, or news, or scandal, or of the last novel, or, more probably, the last play. Three hours of study then follow—at about half-past four there is another "promenade" of an hour, and then there remain more study, supper, night-prayers and bed.

This rule, of course, applies to what in England we should call the 'whole-school-days.' There is generally one holiday in the week, besides Sunday, on which walks are allowed of about three hours. We have already said that M. de Laprade's remarks apply chiefly to the Government lycées. In these, he tells us, the long hours of study and inaction of the body wear the pupils down to such an extent, that except soon after the vacations, there is but little use made by them of the scanty opportunities of recreation which are afforded them. He pays a tribute, on this head, to the schools conducted by priests or by religious men.* Still, there is much to be desired on this head, according to M. de Laprade, even in the best-managed schools, and the bulk of his pamphlet is an earnest pleading for more care of the body and of the development of healthy vigour and muscular strength. M. de Laprade does not tell us anything about the schools for girls in France. The young ladies have, of course, no Government examinations to undergo, no degree to look forward to except that which seals their emancipation alike from school and home control when they get married. But we suppose that they require health and strength, and, consequently, air and exercise, as much as their brothers: and we do not feel quite sure, from some of the régimes of school life which have been imported into this country from France, that they do not sometimes need a champion as vigorous and as eloquent as M. de Laprade.

Our author—like most Frenchmen who have a complaint to make

* "Il faut reconnaître aussi, que, par diverses causes, les instituteurs religieux dès nous jours se préoccupent beaucoup plus des soins et de la direction personnelle à donner à chaque élève, de la nécessité physique et morale, des jeux du premier âge, des exercices qui stimulent l'activité musculaire et détendent l'esprit chez les écoliers. Ils savent qu'au moment de la puberté ce qu'il y a de plus à craindre, c'est que le système nerveux ne vienne à prédominer; ils comprennent enfin que chez les enfants la vigueur de la santé est à la fois une preuve et une cause de bonnes mœurs. La discipline est chez eux plus douce, plus maternelle; elle consent à se plier à la diversité des caractères et des besoins. . . . Ils pensent que la récréation est pour l'écolier un devoir, parcequ'elle est un besoin: et ils veillent à ce qu'elle soit aussi active et aussi complète que possible," &c., pp. 45-46.

—points with admiration to the parallel English system as contrasting favourably with that of France as to the point on which he is dwelling. Certainly, in our own great schools there used to be little enough danger of the neglect of healthy exercise and manly games. The smaller and private schools throughout the country may be more in need of M. de Laprade's admonitions, and we suspect that many might be found among them whose distribution of hours would not differ very materially from that of the French lycées. Wherever the cram system prevails there is a danger of this evil, which may also be to some degree imputed as an ultimate consequence to the modern demand that a little knowledge on every conceivable subject should be dunned into a boy's mind, rather than that mind should be trained in the old wholesome way by the study of the classics, the practice of composition, and the other necessary elements of education. The forcing and stunting system will always find a good deal in the national character to contend with among ourselves. The tendency of the present day in the public schools and Universities is rather in the direction of exaggerated bodily culture. Let us quote the words of a very thoughtful witness from Oxford—Professor Rogers. He is speaking of the increased extravagance of University life :

“ Much, no doubt, of this increased extravagance, affecting, as it does all classes by example, is due to the great decline of academical discipline ; much more, the writer is persuaded, to the pernicious folly of what is called ‘ muscular Christianity,’ or physical education. To hear some people talk, one would be disposed to infer, that, with them at least, the highest and holiest duties of life consist in developing one's muscles, improving one's wind, and perfecting oneself in all sorts of gymnastic exercise. The boat, the cricket-club, the football match, are not only the place or sphere of action in which one is prepared to do the best one can as a matter of solid sport, but which is to be the passion, the pursuit, the master-science of the student. Schoolmasters have been occupied by this absurd affectation : and one hears on all sides that the victories which their pupils acquire in these exercises, wholesome and needful when confined within proper limits, are the true objects of youthful occupation, to which learning and school diligence are, on the whole, subsidiary. Delicate boys are to be provided, we are told, with certificates to the effect that they are not competent to share in these absorbing struggles. At the University, the appliances for such exercises are enormously in demand. Every college has its cricket-ground, its boat-house, and, if things go on in the same course, will possess its racket-court, and perhaps its billiard-room. The summer-term was shortened, we are gravely informed, because it was absolutely impossible to get any

work out of men who were all day long on the cricket-ground or the river. Assuredly, twenty years ago, before we heard of this overpowering duty to one's physical organisation, men were as active and energetic as now. An undergraduate who moped and was solitary in his ways, was looked on with suspicion; and a man who read hard, and exercised himself heartily and healthily, was not only liked, but generally beat those who did not recognise the wisdom of joining physical exertion to mental labour. We have gone back to the Laconian exercises, and perhaps need the same criticism on the practice of our youth which Aristotle uttered on the Spartan institutions—*ὥστε τὸ καλὸν ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ θηριώδες δεῖ πρωταγωνιστεῖν*. It is the first duty of a teacher to train the moral and intellectual, not the animal part of a youth" (*The Church and the World*, pp. 7, 8).

There is much real manliness in this protest against an extravagant development of the religion of muscularity—it has certainly no claim to be called Christianity—which has its fitting literary prophet in Mr. Kingsley. It cannot be maintained that the Universities are the only places in which it prevails. The Universities give the tone to the public schools, or perhaps reëcho their dominant ideas: and the two combine to set the fashion throughout the country. Under such circumstances we are little in danger of that destruction of bodily vigour among our young men, the prospect of which so seriously alarms M. de Laprade. Perhaps we may not be altogether out of danger from the causes which have produced that state of things which he so much deplors: we may have our systems of education over-hauled by theorists, and we may have some application of the principles of Government inspection and examination forced upon us. But there is a difference between Englishmen and Frenchmen as to their pliability under such aggressions as these, which, for the present at all events, makes it more likely that useful improvements may be successfully resisted than that any rigid and mechanical uniformity should be enforced. There is also, perhaps, some danger lest the cry for more instruction on more subjects for the youth at our great schools may lead, not indeed to their physical "compression," but to the destruction of that true and solid training of the mind and character which it is the office of the education of that age to secure. It may be that some boys spend too much time in framing Latin and Greek verses: but youths thus trained are superior to others generally, and some of our "anti-Latin-verse" critics are hardly aware that they are helping to pull down one most essential part of true education, the practice of composition. Speaking Latin has gone—writing is to follow. It may be that the arrangement of hours and studies at the most celebrated of our

great Public Schools is such as to leave a wide field open for the lazy and indifferent, and that the effect of the system is that a boy who chooses to exert himself learns a great deal, while a sluggard and a dunce is hardly obliged to learn any thing. But the number of school-hours at Eton, for instance, can only be quoted as an indication of the amount of work done by the cleverest and most industrious boys by persons who are utterly ignorant of what they are talking about. It would be just as fair to count the number of hours during which a member of Parliament is in his seat in the House of Commons, and consider it as an adequate measure of the work done by him in his capacity of representative. We are not saying that this system is perfection any more than that which has been attacked by M. de Laprade: but in great national institutions a large margin must be left for those who do not go there to be crammed like the French youths, for an examination by the University, but to learn manliness, gentleness, courtesy, self-restraint, refinement, consideration for others, a right way of bearing and of expressing themselves in social intercourse, and other things which can never be so well gained elsewhere as in the midst of the little world of a public school. Ignorance, idleness, and extravagance are not to be defended: but manly education is not to be measured simply by book learning.

If an attempt is made to force all the pupils in a large school up to the same level in general attainment, we come at once, more or less, to the system against which M. de Laprade protests. Every boy is obliged to study as much as the most industrious of boys, left to some extent to themselves, would study: and the injury to the weak is greater than the benefit to the strong. The old English system requires a little—perhaps too little—from all: but it encourages those who choose to make special exertions, and in the long run it has been found that this spontaneous study, stimulated by emulation and distinctions, produces admirable scholars. Improvements in detail are no doubt required, but the principle is sound, and could hardly be discarded without mischief.

This, however, is hardly the place for a discussion on the general subject of Public School Education, which has, after all, but little practical importance to English Catholics. There is nothing to prevent our own Colleges, with due exertions, from giving their pupils as good a training in every respect as the great Public Schools. The higher education which is so much needed among us begins at a later age than that of the schoolboy: and the years which intervene between eighteen and twenty-two are just those in a lifetime which if allowed to pass without mental cultivation can never be replaced. The last four years of a youth at school are certainly the

most important: but they are not so important as the four years which succeed them in the life of a man. Except, therefore, as a matter of mere speculation, there is little need among us for any present discussion about the Public Schools. Questions of this kind suffer more than any others from what we may call "wild writing"—from theorizing as to what would be, or must be, or ought to be, when there is little or no personal experience to tell us what is or what has been—from reliance on rotten testimony, such as that of third-rate fictions—from generalizing from the recollections of particular persons, however respectable, as to the condition of a single Public School, it may be, half a century ago. This is a subject, if ever there were such a subject, on which it is absurd to generalize freely. There is nearly every conceivable difference between one school and another, and, when the systems are not unlike, there is a perpetual change of condition depending on the character of the Master, the dispositions of successive generations of scholars, and even external influences, while each boy has his own previous history, his own circumstances and relations with his home and his companions, as well as his own gifts of body and mind. The different Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, which are looked on by the uninitiated as one homogeneous mass, contain circles of students who are in reality under influences and in circumstances which differ as widely one from another as in the case of the members of families who live side by side in the same streets in London. In the case of Public Schools there is the same wide diversity, without the bond of union furnished by the University—weak as it is. He must be a very shallow or a very narrow-minded man who can build a sweeping generalization on any individual experience. It is by such processes of reasoning as those which we are deprecating that Englishmen have come to believe the falsehoods which are current among them as to certain matters of Catholic practice, or as to the Inquisition, or as to the Pontifical Government, and that so many foreigners, on the other hand, have gained ideas of the utmost absurdity as to manners and customs in England. Facts are not to be settled *à priori*, and truth is never served by exaggeration.

γ.

Note on a late Decision relating to Classical Studies.

We may appropriately place at the close of the foregoing article a few words regarding a late decision given by the Holy Office at Rome on the question of Classical Studies. Our readers are aware that an agitation was raised some years ago in France against the use of the Classics in education, the two most prominent assailants of the established practice being the Abbé

Gaume and M. Louis Veuillot. (See the *Month*, vol. v. p. 305, Sept. 1866.) The question was settled, as was to be expected, in favour of the old system: the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, against whom, as some thought, the attack was indirectly aimed, being among the foremost in its defence. The movement seems, however, still to enlist a sort of not very openly avowed sympathy among small sections of the Catholic body, both in this country and elsewhere: and although that sympathy seems to us to be founded on a mistake and eminently unpractical, it is not difficult to understand how it may lay hold on earnest and well-meaning men. The same feeling seems to have broken out lately with much violence in Canada: and Mgr. Baillargeon, Bishop of Tloa, and Administrator of the Diocese of Quebec, has taken the decisive step of appealing to Rome for a solution of the controversy. We quote the following account of the result from the *Etudes* for April:

"The answer was such as might have been expected, and a letter of Cardinal Patrizi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation, has come to stop the mouths of the accusing party. These are the terms in which Mgr. the Bishop of Tloa, Administrator of Quebec, sums up this important document in a circular addressed to the clergy of his diocese, dated March 14, 1867.

"It has been pretended, 1, that it was a matter of great importance to discuss the question of the classics, and this notwithstanding the authority of the Bishop. *Answer.* *Non est profecto cur, qui hujusmodi libros amandandos existimant, hæc in re vehementer sollicitos anxiosque se præbeant. Explorata enim res est.* . . .

"It has been pretended, 2, that an experience of three centuries has proved the danger of making use of the pagan authors. *Answer.* *Explorata res est et antiquâ constantique consuetudine comprobata adolescentes etiam clericos germanam dicendi scribendique elegantiam et eloquentiam, sive ex SS. Patrum operibus, sive ex ethnicis ab omni labo purgatis, absque periculo addiscere optimo jure posse.*

"It has been pretended, 3, that the Church has only tolerated the use of pagan authors. *Answer.* *Id ab Ecclesiâ non toleratur modo, sed omnino permittitur.*

"It has been pretended, 4,—and for this reliance has been placed on the Encyclical *Inter multiplices*—that the pagan authors were condemned, or at least were only tolerated. *Answer.* The Sacred Congregation says that our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., declares distinctly, in that Encyclical, a SSmo. Domino Nostro Pio Papa Nono perspicuè declaratum fuit, that the use of the pagan authors is not only tolerated, but entirely permitted.

"It has been pretended, 5, that the second part of the seventh rule of the Index prohibited absolutely all books written by pagans. *Answer.* At Rome distinction is made among pagan works between those which treat *ex professo* of lascivious or obscene subjects, or which relate or teach them, and others: and only the former fall under the prohibition of the seventh rule of the Index. As to others, *Quum antiqui libri ab ethnicis conscripti, qui in seminario adhibentur, non ii nimirum sint qui res lascivas acu obscenas tractant, narrant aut docent, ideoque nihil est quod in usu hujusmodi librorum jure possit reprehendi.*

"It has been pretended, 6, that the study of the pagan classics, as it is practised in our colleges, is of a nature to inculcate paganism on the mind of our youths, to put their faith and morals in danger, etc. *Answer.* That which the Church declares to be 'approved by an ancient and constant custom, and to be not only tolerated, but altogether permitted, and to have nothing in its use that can be found fault with,' cannot possibly expose youth to this alleged danger."

A Stormy Life ;

OR

QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DEAD MAN'S GROUND.

"MADAME my cousin, hitherto you have listened with a very tender compassion to the narrative of my misfortunes and my wrongs, and not a few tears have fallen from your eyes at the thought of my sufferings. You have declared that it is a mystery to you how a Christian King and Queen, who had been lawfully inaugurated, and had never committed notorious crimes, such as provoke the wrath of God and forfeit the allegiance of subjects, should have been brought so low as not to possess a foot of land or a house to shelter them in their own realm, nor yet a penny of silver or copper, unless borrowed, to purchase the common necessities of life. When I described to you the suffering we endured after the rout at Towton, the hunger, cold, and poverty, which endangered our lives as much as if we had fallen into the hands of our foes, it seemed to you like an incredible thing ; and I almost feared you would question my veracity when I said that once for five days the King my husband, the Prince my little son, and I had but one herring to eat betwixt us all, and not more bread than would have sufficed for one day's nourishment. Your cheeks also burned with a painful flush when I told you that being one day at Mass on a solemn festival, I had not even a black penny to give at the offering ; and when I prayed a Scotch archer by my side to lend me something, he at first refused, and then grudgingly handed me a half-farthing. You exclaimed that so sharp a humiliation had never befallen a great queen, and that the recital of my escape from the ribald knaves of Sir William Stanley, had robbed you of your sleep, so terrible did that danger appear to you. Alas ! sweet cousin, what I am now by your command about to relate doth as far exceed all you have yet heard of my perils as those already recited, or any you had imagined. I should hesitate to sadden your compassionate heart by so terrible a history, did I not know that you take a melancholy pleasure in the recital of these singular vicissitudes, to which no parallel can be found in books. Therefore, madame, imagine if you can the sight of a battle-field ; not one on which victory waves its empurpled but triumphant flag,

disguising the horrible scene; not one on which the eye rests with a half shuddering, half exultant gaze, but one where, like in a dismal wreck, you behold the overthrow of every high and fair hope and presage without yet seeing it—the destruction of the loved, the honoured, and the faithful which have perished in your quarrel; one over which despair throws its dark shadow, like the raven extends its wing on the unburied corpse. Ah, even when success intoxicates the soul with its wild rapture, the battle-field is a terrific sight. When defeat lends its leaden hues to that spectacle, it is so ghastly that even the man that is reckless of life turns from it and flies. On the fatal day of Hexham news was brought me that the King had disappeared and been hotly pursued—then that he was taken; but this was false: one of his servants which wore his cap had been seized, and this had saved him. Somerset and Hungerford and Sir Ralph Percy were driven back; even you, *Sieur de Brézé*, were forced from the field, and parted from me. I too then fled with my son and three or four attendants: that lady was one.” (This the Queen said pointing to me.) “We made for the Scotch border, and carried with us vases of gold and silver, and whatever of value I yet possessed—some of the crown-jewels and mine own. The hills of Scotland were in sight. A few more hours, and safety would be reached. But on a moor which lies between the forest of Hexham and the much-longed-for Scottish hills we were of a sudden environed by a party of ruffianly men, the most brutal and fierce I had yet beheld. They seized on Edward and me, separated us from our suite, and with an incredible violence tore from us even the most of our clothing, which pointed us out, they said with derisive laughter, to be no mean booty. ‘Ah, ah,’ said one, ‘this is a queen; for no less a personage should dare to wear this rich velvet trimmed with fur.’ And another, in whose hands I shuddering beheld my son, exclaimed, ‘This is of a surety the lioness’s cub, as daintily attired as herself.’ ‘A lioness!’ screamed another; ‘nay, a wolf,—the she-wolf of France; and like a wolf we shall treat her;’ and then they dragged me in a ferocious manner before their captain, and with furious menaces brandished a sword before mine eyes, threatening to kill Edward first, and then me; and the wretch added, they should mangle and disfigure our dead bodies and cast them unburied for the vultures to devour, so that no traces should be left of them. And one cried, ‘Nay, pile up a fagot and burn them alive, as my Lollard father was burnt the year I was born.’ And insults far more horrible yet were threatened; so that if my son had not been with me exposed to the same rage, the bare sword they approached to my throat should have been welcome. But despaired with the agony of fear for him, I sunk on my knees before those ruffians, with clasped hands and upraised eyes, adjuring them, alas, by all they recked not of,—God, royalty, pity, nobility, womanhood, the Cross of Christ, their mothers, wives, and children, if so be they were men and not beasts, at the least not to commit on our bodies the last outrage, so that Christian burial should never be ours. ‘O, I have had the misfortune,’ I cried, ‘to fall into your hands; but I am the daughter and wife of a king. I was in past time recognised as your

queen. If now you stain your hands with my blood and the blood of my innocent child, your cruelty will be held in abhorrence by all men throughout all ages.' Torrents of tears choked further utterance, and I turned from man, which had no ruth, to God, who alone could save us; and not in vain, for, as once before in my life, the greed of wicked men became His mercy's instrument. Those in whose hands we were saw others stealing our jewels and gear, and with a shout of fury rushed on their fellow-robbers. I sprang to where Edward was, folded him in my arms and cast a despairing look around me. I saw one man clad like the others standing by the side of a horse, and taking no part in the fray. Running towards him, I fell on my knees, and conjured him by the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ to have pity on me, and to do what he could to make us escape. He replied, 'Madame, mount behind me, and you, my lord Prince, before, and I will save you, or perish in the attempt.' With incredible velocity we clambered on to the horse's back. 'Whither?' the stranger asked. 'To Scotland,' I said. 'Nay, that is through the open plain,' he replied, dashing forward to the westward. 'The forest—the Dead Man's Ground—is the only shelter at hand.' 'Yea,' I whispered, 'the forest, the forest!' for I had lost all power to think; and that ride began of which none but God knoweth the horror, or those that can guess at it the length. For my brain was wildered, and every vein and nerve of my frame convulsed with the terror I had endured. One night of horror round me grew; or when I saw or felt, it was only when we plunged into the depths of the forest, and in the ghastly light of the moon I thought every tree was a man with a naked sword in his hand, who kept crying to me, as the wind rustled in the bare branches, '*A la mort! à la mort!*' Then ghastly terrors took possession of my soul. Methought it was a phantom horse and rider which was carrying us, and that this should be my hell, for ever to wander in a horrible darkness, and a barrier betwixt me and Edward, which, though I was nigh to him, forbade me to reach or touch him. This agony grew so insupportable, that ever and anon I lifted up my voice and cried, 'Edward! Edward!' and then the little voice answered, 'Sweet mother!' and the anguish abated. At last a fever seemed to burn in my veins, and incessantly I kept addressing our protector: 'O sir, it is not for myself I fear, but for my son; my death would be of little moment, but his would be too great a misfortune—utter ruin to everyone, the end of every hope. He is the true, the sole heir to the crown. All may go right again if his life can be preserved.' And terror seizing on me, I felt almost in despair, not thinking it possible we should escape without falling once more into the hands of those dreadful men. The name which the stranger had given to the place wherein deeper and deeper we were advancing gave me a shivering horror. 'Dead Man's Ground,' I repeated to myself—'Dead Man's Ground; who ever came out of it alive?' All of a sudden the horse stopped; the horseman dismounted, and made us descend also. Then he briefly said, 'You are safe here, madam—farewell;' and before I could speak he had mounted again and disappeared. To this day I

am ignorant of this man's name, person, or history. Sometimes I think that, as an angel was sent to Hagar in the desert, so to another despaired mother God sent a disguised heavenly messenger under the figure of that horseman. If he was a man, he lacked mercy in abandoning us when he did; if an angel, God recalled him when his task was performed. The trees closed over our heads where we stood, the pale stars gleaming through the branches, the receding sound of the horse's feet the only sound in that profound solitude. I sank on the ground, and held Edward clasped to my breast to warm him. O, I thought of Hagar when he said to me, 'Sweet mother, are there blackberries in this wood? I am so hungry.' 'It is not the time of year, gentle son,' I said, with a choking sensation in my throat. 'Will it come to that pass,' I murmured, 'that I shall see him perish of cold and hunger?' Then I took him by the hand, and we wandered to and fro—wherefore I know not, for I dared not have approached a human habitation if I had seen one, none but outlaws and robbers lurking in those wilds. But to sit still maddened me; and if I stopped, a rustling in the bushes or the hooting of an owl made me fly on in terror. The courage of my little son caused me a strange anguish. 'I am very tired,' he once said; 'but I am resolved not to shed tears, for a knight should bear all hardships;' and another time, when we heard the cry of an animal, he pressed my hand tightly and whispered, 'Do not be affrighted, sweet mother; our Lady will not let the wild-beasts hurt us.' 'O God!' I thought, 'hast Thou made this child so fair, so wise, and so brave, that he should pass through this world unknown, and out of it without fame, whose soul is as a noble jewel set in a peerless frame?' Again he said, 'Gentle mother, where thinkest thou is my poor father the king?' These words pierced me like with a dagger, for this was the misdoubt which doubled my torment. The gentle boy perceived it, and said, 'Be of good cheer, sweet mother; the good Saviour, whom he loves so well, will take care of the king; and methinks he would not be sorry to die and go to heaven; and I am so weary to-night, I should like to die too, but I would not leave thee alone in this dark wood, dear mother queen.'

"This innocent prattle lasted a little while, but soon it ceased; and by the light of the moon I saw the fair visage look white, and felt the little limbs slacken their pace. I was about to sit down again, to perish, I thought, when of a sudden a gaunt tall figure came through the trees towards us, swinging a battle-axe. At first I thought this was one of the ruffians we had fled from, but at the second glance I guessed it was a new robber, and, in the extremity of fear, hopeless of all other aid, powerless to move, afraid to stir, I cried with a loud voice to this gigantic man to save us. He approached; it was too dark to see his countenance, but with the courage of despair I thus addressed him: 'O sir, if you are in quest of booty, we have, alas, nothing to yield you but our lives; for we have been rifled, my little son and I, of all we possess, and even of our upper garments. I suppose it is your custom to shed the blood of travellers; but I am sure you will take pity on us when I

tell you who I am.' I raised my eyes, and a cloud passing away from the moon, I saw the visage of the man I was speaking to. I could augur nothing from it. He was gazing on me with an amazed, misdoubting expression, but not a savage one. I burst into tears, and cried, 'It is the unfortunate Queen of England, thy princess, who hath fallen into thy hands in her desolation and distress. O man, if thou hast any knowledge of God, I beseech thee, for the sake of His Passion who for our salvation took our nature on Him, to have compassion on my misery! But if you slay me, spare at least my little one; for he is the only son of thy king, and, if it please God, the true heir of this realm. Save him then, I pray thee, and make thy arms his sanctuary. He is thy future king, and it will be a glorious deed to preserve him—one that shall efface the memory of all thy crimes, and witness for thee when thou shalt stand hereafter before Almighty God. O man, win God's grace to-day by succouring an afflicted mother, and giving life to the dead!' When these last words passed my lips, the axe fell from the outlaw's hand, and he sank on his knees. I placed Edward in his arms, and said, 'I charge thee to preserve from the violence of others that innocent royal blood which I do consign to thy care. Take him, and conceal him from those who seek his life. Give him a refuge in thy obscure hiding-place, and he will one day give thee access to his royal chamber and make thee one of his barons, if by thy means he is happily preserved to enjoy the splendour of the crown which doth of right pertain to him.' O ye who hear me, marvel at the change which a moment may work! The Holy Ghost softened the heart of this man, which had approached us with uplifted arm and ferocious gestures. He received the child in his arms; his tears flowed as fast as mine, and he cried in a loud voice, 'I will die, lady, a thousand deaths; I will endure all the tortures that can be inflicted on a man, rather than abandon, much less betray, this royal child. But before I rise from my knees' (for he had fallen at my feet), 'O madame, pardon my offences against the law. Forgive the outlaw and the robber, and then he will dare to carry in his arms this noble burthen, his innocent prince.' 'God knoweth thou hast all the pardon I can grant,' I cried; 'and may He also for this deed forgive thee all thine offences!'

"Then with my son in his arms he led the way, and I followed him, walking as one in a dream, till he stopped at the entrance of a cave, surrounded by wild wood and tangled bushes, nigh to a swift little bourn. He whistled, and a door opened; a fire and a kind of rude lamp lighted this place, and I saw by its shine that it was a woman which had let us in. He whispered in her ear; on which she gave a little scream and knelt down before me, kissing my soiled garment. The warmth and light of this singular cave amazed me not a little, after the long wandering in the coldness and the darkness. Edward had fallen asleep in the outlaw's arms, who laid him down on a coarse pallet nigh to the fire, covering him with a sheepskin. The woman threw on my chilled limbs an old mantle which had some richness in it, though soiled and tattered. 'God defend,' I said to my-

self, 'that this should be the spoil of some murdered traveller.' The man brought me a pillow, and I lay down by Edward's side, but not to sleep like him; for every nerve in my body was aching, and the least sound caused me to start as if an explosion had taken place. With eyes wide open, as if I could never close them again, I watched those two persons moving about the cave. Soon they brought me bread and hot sugared wine. With what a God-thanking heart I awoke Edward and saw him eat and drink, and then sink back into a deep slumber, with a less paleness in his cheeks. I also swallowed a little wine, but the bread seemed to choke me; for present terror being assuaged, the insupportable thought of that day's rout, and the misdoubt as to the fate of the King my husband and all my faithful soldiers and servants, returned with violence and wrung my heart; I closed my eyes, feigning to sleep. The outlaw went into the outward cave, for it was divided into two parts, and the woman removed the torch into a corner, where, before lying down on the floor, she knelt and crossed herself. 'God be praised,' I said to myself, 'she is not a Lollard;' and felt more secure.

"In one or two hours the gray morning began to dawn; and unable to endure to remain still, I went to the entrance of the cave and looked out. All was quiet, save the brawling rivulet, and a bird which hopped amongst the bushes. I returned to my rude couch, and lying down again, fatigue prevailed, and I fell asleep. When I awoke the sun was shining across the floor through the open door. I started up affrighted, not seeing Edward by my side, and calling him, went out into the thicket. The sound of his merry laughter reached my ears, and soon I perceived him on the back of the outlaw, who was wading across the bourn. When he perceived me, Edward cried, 'Sweet mother, gentle mother, this is the most pleasant disport I have known for a long time. We have been shooting with a bow and arrows, and killed birds for our dinner. I have had my breakfast; it was very good. Now we are playing at crossing the river. He is St. Christopher carrying the little Lord Jesus on his back; only I am too old to be carried. I have told him the story of St. Christopher, and it likes him so well that I have promised to tell him another tale to-night.'

"Then for the first time I saw plainly the visage of the man who had saved us; it was one of a doubtful aspect, heavy and lowering when not speaking; but I noticed that when Edward made that speech and patted him on the head, a softened expression came into his face. He hastened towards me, and setting him down by my side in a worshipful manner, he said, 'I am not worthy, madame, to carry an innocent child, much less my prince; but nothing would serve his grace but to cross the bourn, and I would not suffer him to wade through the water.' 'Gramercy for your careful kindness,' I replied. 'Alas, my son hath no clothes but these few he wears, and so we must needs preserve them from destruction.' 'Madame,' he said, 'there are garments in this cave which would, I ween, fit his grace, and likewise well conceal his rank; I would not any man's son in England but the King's should wear them.' He then called

his wife and whispered something in her ear; she turned to a coffer and drew from it some boy's garments, which she spread out before us; and the while I perceived her tears fall apace. I misliked Edward should put on stolen gear; maybe she read my thoughts, for she said quickly, 'Madame, the lord Prince may put on these clothes without fear.' Upon which I thanked her, and dressed my son in this coarse apparel. 'And now, madame,' the generous outlaw said, 'command your poor servant; how can I aid your majesty to find a more secure shelter than the outlaw's cave?' 'My friend,' I replied, 'your abode is, alas, at this moment the only shelter, ay the safest refuge for us; for who would dream to seek the Queen!—I stopped, and in a half-bitter, half-sorrowful manner he finished the sentence, 'In a den of robbers, your majesty would have said. Ay, of a surety, none could conceive that the Lady Margaret of Anjou and the heir of Lancaster should be the guests of an outlaw.' 'God,' I replied, 'worketh His ends by strange means. But if,' I added, 'you durst adventure so far as the outskirts of the forest, it may happen that some of my leal friends, who are doubtless seeking me, shall encounter you, and thus learn where we lie concealed.' 'I will find your friends or perish,' he answered. 'Nay, nay,' I cried, 'for the sake of God, for mine, for Edward's, imperil not your life. Who shall protect us if you return not?' 'Is it come to this,' he said with a melancholy smile, 'that anyone, much less my sovereign princess, should desire, and not detest, my presence? Be contented, madame; I have not so long preserved a life abhorrent to God and man to cast it away when it is your hope of safety. I will explore the confines of the forest, and spy if any wanderers have fled to it.' 'Prithee, let me walk with my good St. Christopher,' Edward cried, and was not well pleased when I refused to let him go. He sat down in a corner of the cave, a little angered, and played with snails he had collected on the walls.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A ROBBER'S CAVE.

"THE hours passed heavily by, and I mused in agonised suspense on our singular destiny, murmuring the names of absent friends, calling foolishly on those which could not hear me, terrified lest our strange protector should meet with any mishap. At last my brain became so weary that I feared to think on the past or the future—for what would befall my son if I should lose my senses? With shudder I rose and walked to and fro in that narrow space, like I remember to have seen caged wild-beasts do in their dens; and this thought misliked me. My eyes fell then on the outlaw's wife, which I had hardly yet noticed, though she had ministered to me in many silent ways. She was a woman not far advanced in years, but aged before the time, if the lines in her face were to be believed. She had a weary look, like one used to suffer, and that longed to be at rest, but too weak to compass any end. I said to her, 'God

defend your husband should run into danger for our sakes.' 'Madame,' she replied with a quivering lip, 'he hath so often run into danger for unlawful purposes, that I hope now when he doth imperil himself for a good cause he shall not lose his life.' 'Have you been long married?' I asked, willing to divert myself by any kind of discourse from mine own thoughts. 'Ten years,' she answered with a mournful countenance. 'I am a gentlewoman by birth, and was bred at Alnwick, in the countess's household.' 'Holy Mary!' I exclaimed, 'and how have you come to be the wife of an outlaw?' 'Alas, madame, I ran away with my husband, who is the son of a poor esquire. The countess would not suffer me to marry him, partly because he had no pelf or land wherewith to keep me, and also that he was reported to be unsad; and men said foul of him more than he deserved. He had been wont when a boy to run into this forest when he was corrected at home, but only for a frolic; and then frightened his sisters with tales of the Dead Man's Ground, and that he had been consorting with robbers and the like folks; but this was done in sport, and he was a kind lad in those days when he wooed me. He heard his Mass on Sundays and holydays, and gave alms when he had wherewith to do so, which was not often. When we found we could not be otherwise married, we took one day the priest by surprise, and appearing suddenly before him, plighted our mutual troth, without his or anyone else's consent. But no blessing attends these stolen marriages. Every door was shut against us. I had no parents, and the countess would not have so much as my name mentioned to her. His kinsfolk said he was born to be hanged, but that he had now hung a millstone round his neck, and might as lief drown. No one lent us a helping hand. He was of too gentle blood to labour for his bread; and no scholar, for he had not kept to his school. So we well-nigh starved; and then one day he brought me here, for he had known this cave in his young years; and as it was in the summer, we made shift to live on berries and roots, and the birds which he killed with his bow. Those were the most happy days I have known; but when the cold weather came, then hardships began, and we could not live as we had done. I felt very sick, and he walked many miles to a cottage outside the forest and begged an alms for the love of God, which was denied him; and on his way back, for the first time—' Here the poor creature stopped and shed tears. I took her by the hand and said, 'You have no children?' 'One little son I had,' she replied. 'He would be now of the age of my lord the prince. Those were his clothes which his grace hath put on. He died two years back. When he was lying at the point of death, I prayed my husband to make a vow that if he recovered he should never again—' Then once more she broke off her speech. 'God knoweth,' she continued, 'how we then should have lived. Howsoever, my fair son died; and albeit I grieved sorely, there was comfort in the thought he would not live the godless life we have done. I had walked a whole day to carry him to a church to be christened, as soon as I could walk after his birth; so he is now in heaven, and I have asked him every day to pray to

the Lord Jesus not to suffer us to die as we have lived. But my husband was enraged with Almighty God when his child was taken away; and since that day hope hath almost left me that he should change. Madame, you have pardoned him; pray God, I beseech you, He also may forgive him. It is ten years and more since I have been shriven. I should die of joy, methinks, the day I knelt to a priest again.' Then she went to prepare some food, and I looked to see what Edward should be doing, who had not stirred from the same place whilst I talked with the woman. He was standing before a rude kind of pilaster which supported the rough wall across the cave, his eyes intently fixed upon it. 'Hist, sweet mother!' he said when I approached; 'I am telling a fortune. Dost thou see those two snails? My St. Christopher told me this morn that in a part of the country whither he once went, if two men quarrel touching a piece of land, or a tree in a hedge, or any other doubtful thing, to whom it shall belong, they each set a snail to creep along in this manner, and then the one whose snail first doth reach the top is the winner. Methinks this should be a better way to settle a dispute, and resolve who shall be king, than to kill thousands of persons. I have set this snail to creep for the red rose, mother, and this one for the white rose. Now, sweet Queen, watch: methinks the red rose is the most swift. If it reaches the top first, methinks my father King shall regain his crown.' 'Foolish, witless child,' I said, half angered; and then I remembered the tale I had heard in Scotland of the spider which Robert Bruce, when his fortunes were at as low ebb as ours are now, had watched, to draw from it an omen of his fate; and I looked alternately at the slow progressing ascent of these slimy travellers, and at Edward's eager countenance, with an unwise breathless desire that the one he called the champion of Lancaster should win that leisurely race. Forgive my folly, sweet cousin, and all ye kind friends around me; misfortunes long continued unnerve the stoutest heart. I am ashamed to have been so weak; but at the last I became quite wild to have a good omen; and when I perceived that the adverse snail gained on the other, so that it must needs succeed, I swept them both down passionately to the ground, exclaiming, 'Fair son, this is folly, and what Dr. Morton would chide thee for.' 'Poor snails!' he said sadly; 'thou hast bruised their little houses;' and tears stood in his eyes.

"Hope deferred that night was my portion. The outlaw returned, but with no tidings of my friends. My heart sank within me, and I sat with my face buried in my hands. One other night of sleepless misery ensued, and the next morning that patient man departed for the same search.

"Once that day, when the woman was outside picking up sticks, Edward sat on my knees; and after silently coaxing me some time, he said, 'Mother Queen, I heard yesterday what my St. Christopher's wife told thee. Prithee, are outlaws and robbers always evil persons? And is this our good friend one?' 'Yea,' I said, 'to be a robber is wicked, and those that rob become outlaws; for if the law should reach them they must die, and so they lurk in places such as

these. But an evil man may repent, and do a good deed; and so I have pardoned this outlaw; and when we regain the kingdom, he shall come out hence unscathed, and with great honour, for this good he hath done us.' He thought a little, and then said, 'Hath God forgiven him?' 'I know not,' I replied, 'if he hath prayed to Him yet for pardon.' 'I shall ask him,' he said.

"Once more the night closed, and almost in despair I learnt that the outlaw had adventured himself beyond the forest and questioned some boors without obtaining any clue to fugitives in the neighbourhood. I lay down exhausted with misery, turned my face to the wall, and wept unseen. This was the first time I was reduced to so impotent a condition that the future seemed a blank. How to act, whither to go, what to essay, I knew not. From these despairing thoughts I was roused by the sound of Edward's voice conversing with our protector. Bear with me whilst I relate this discourse; for I would you all should know the good parts and early goodness of my little son, whose mother I am not worthy to be. This is the dialogue I heard:

"'Good friend, thou must needs be very weary, since thou hast been beyond the forest towards the moor whence we came, for it is a long way off.' 'I am not so much weary, my lord prince, as displeased that my quest for your friends hath been vain.' 'My gentle St. Christopher, I would fain I had here one of my little silver swans, which are my badge; but those wicked men took them all away.' 'What would you have done with it, my lord prince?' 'I would have fastened it here on thy breast, good friend, because I am affrighted that if our friends see thee coming to them in the forest they will think thou art a robber come to despoil and perhaps to kill them. But if they saw my badge they would be comforted.' 'You speak well, my lord prince; but I durst not wear your badge.' 'Wherefore durst you not put it on?' Then the outlaw not answering, he lowered his voice and said, 'Is it because you are a robber? But you are a good robber now; we love you very much, and the Lord Jesus will love you too if you ask Him.'

"Then he climbed on to the man's knee, and put his arm round his neck; and albeit I was not wholly pleased to see him so familiar with him, the thought of the night when I had placed him in his arms stayed me from checking him. 'I promised to tell thee a tale, good friend; wilt thou I should do so now?' 'Yea, my lord prince, I list to you.'

"'Once on a time the Blessed Lady Mary, with her Son and good St. Joseph, fled from Nazareth, where they lived, to a far country called Egypt; and it so happened that one night they took shelter in a cave where there were robbers. And one robber's wife had a little child which was a leper. The Blessed Lady Mary told her to wash him in the water wherein her little Lord Jesus had been bathed, and straightway he was cured. When this little child which had been a leper became a man, he did many wicked actions, and was a famous robber. And one day he was caught and put into a prison, and then taken out to die on a cross, because he was a robber.

When he was on the cross, the Lord Jesus was also crucified; and when he saw He was so good, and forgave those who tormented Him, he said to another robber which was on another cross, and who reviled the good Saviour, that they deserved to suffer, but that the Lord Christ had done nothing amiss. And then he asked the Lord Jesus to remember him when He came into His kingdom; and O, what thinkest thou the good Lord answered? He said he should be that day with Him in Paradise! Was not that good news for this good robber?

"I did not hear the man reply, but Edward came to my side and whispered in mine ear: 'Sweet mother, he has said nothing to me; but his wife fetched a little crucifix and put it into my hand. I held it to his lips, and he kissed it so many times. I think he hath asked God to forgive him.' I hoped so too, and I likewise thought that God would not suffer one like my son to be deprived of his inheritance, and banished from the throne by the vile and impious enemies of his race.

"On the morrow—the third on which we had opened our eyes in that secret cave—the outlaw, or, as Edward called him, St. Christopher, set out on the same errand as before. This man had acquainted me with his name; but I had promised not to divulge it until such time as he might be openly pardoned, and guerdoned for his services. About noon, Edward, who was very weary of his captivity within the cave, peered out of the narrow entrance at the squirrels frolicking amongst the trees. Suddenly he gave a joyful shout, and I heard him cry, 'Sir Pierce de Bracy!' Ah, Messire Pierre, neither you nor I shall, I ween, ever forget that meeting—its joy and its anguish! Alas, when I beheld you and Master Barville alongside of our outlaw, it seemed like an awakening from a dreadful dream; and the words which you first uttered, 'The King hath escaped!' lifted the heaviest burthen from my breast. But the tidings which followed! Ah me, with what torrents of tears I received them! O, with what grief, with what pain, with what resentment, they filled me! Yea, my good Margaret,—my true, valiant, patient friend, to thee and to me Hexham shall ever be a dire memory—a bleeding remembrance. That lady's noble father, the Lord de Roos, and Somerset and Hungerford, had paid on the scaffold the price of their devotion to my cause. I could do nothing for some hours but wail and weep. In the evening Master Barville went into the villages on the outskirts of the forest for to gather reports of the public haps for our guidance; and who should he there fall in with but Edmund Beaufort, hapless Somerset's brother, and the Duke of Exeter, whom, in my despair, I had feared had also perished. When I beheld yet assembled around me this little band of friends, my spirits somewhat revived. I resolved to send those noblemen to solicit what I have now so happily obtained—an asylum in the dominions of their great kinsman, and my fair cousin of Burgundy, whilst I rejoined the King my husband in Scotland, whither I then thought he had escaped. But ere we left the robber's cave, Messire Pierre completed a work Edward had begun. The

knight of Los Croissant serve both God and the ladies; and the same devotion which flies to the succour of a distressed queen moves a truly chivalrous heart to lend its aid to a repenting robber. The sénéchal turned priest, methinks, on this occasion; for he spent the night in hearing the confession of that man's crimes, and ministering counsel to his soul. Is this not the truth, Messire Pierre?"

"Madame," the sénéchal replied, "that man was twice my brother, inasmuch as he was a Christian, and furthermore as your majesty's deliverer. And never did I perceive so notable an instance of what the Gospel saith, that many last shall be first in the spiritual race; for in this robber, this outlaw, this man guilty of many crimes, what sudden virtues had blossomed on the stalk of one good action! What contrition for past sins, what ardent desires of penance, what thirst for expiation, what readiness to atone for past guilt! No common life would satisfy his anger against himself; and nothing would content him, when he found his wife was of the same mind as himself, than for each of them to retire into a religious house, and by prayers and tears to wash away past offences. When the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter from their scanty store of money offered to reward these virtuous penitents, they refused the gifts with tears. The Queen thanked them as she alone knoweth how to thank, and furnished them with tokens to the superiors of religious houses, such as they desired to enter. When near Carlisle, whither he guided us, the outlaw took leave of the Queen and her son. He knelt at the Prince's feet, and said: 'Sweet Prince, I will be thy bedesman all my life in guerdon for the tale of the robber which went to Paradise with Christ; and if it shall please God to admit your grace's poor servant into one of His houses, he shall be hight Brother Christopher.'

Then the Queen resumed her narrative as follows: "Sweet cousin, and you gentle listeners all, I ween you deem this forest tale the worst of my adventures; but before you resolve yourselves thereupon, I pray you hearken to the haps which befell us soon afterwards. From Carlisle I came to Kirkcudbright, and there I heard the King had not reached Scotland, but was concealed in Yorkshire, at Bracewell Hall, from whence he would soon pass for greater safety into Lancashire or Westmoreland. On my arrival, private notice was sent to me strictly to conceal my presence in the Scottish king's dominions, by reason of a treaty which had been concluded betwixt the Queen Regent and Edward the usurper. So I retired to a small cabin in an obscure hamlet by the coast, where only fishermen and seafaring persons dwelt, which were too rude and ignorant to take heed of us. There my son and I lived concealed under the care of Messire Pierre and Barville my esquire. I procured a gown and hood such as the fishwives wear; and the sénéchal, also disguised, travelled hither and thither to seek for news. By this means I learnt that the King had left Bracewell, and taken shelter in a cave for some days—but with a hermit, not a robber—and that the most of my household had reached the Castle of Bamborough, which yet bravely held out for us. The tidings I then had of the King,

which are the last I received, reported him to be lodged at the house of one John Machell, at Crackenthorpe, a leal adherent of his cause. I pray God he is there now!

"One day the *sénéchal* told me that one Cork, an Englishman, had been at Kirkcudbright, and questioned much the people thereof if I was yet residing there, and dropped words which imported he had a weighty message to deliver to me. This worked in me a fever of expectation, and I prayed Messire Pierre to be on the look-out for him. One evening he and Barville left us to fetch a box from a cottage where a messenger brought the provisions which friends at a distance sent us. They did not return for some hours; and as the evening advanced, I feared some evil hap had befallen them. About one hour before midnight the sound of footsteps was heard, but of a greater number of men than two, albeit treading cautiously. I looked through the chinks of the door, and saw several persons, at the least five or six, carrying lamps and weapons in their hands. I woke Edward, and sprang with him to the back-door, thinking in the darkness, peradventure, we might escape. But a man met us there, and seizing on me, called to his fellows, who in one instant mastered our feeble resistance. 'Be still, and struggle not,' I said to Edward; and we were carried, or rather dragged, to the shore, and through the waves, into a boat, at the bottom of which they laid us, fast bound with cords. Methought there were other persons in the boat, but it was too dark to discern aught. Then we began to toss on the waves, and to distance the shore. Ever and anon I spoke to Edward, cheering him not to be afraid; and I could hear him saying his little prayers, and calling on Jesus and Mary to save us. The darkness would never cease, I thought. Like the crew on St. Paul's ship, I longed for the day with passion, albeit it should prove more dreadful than the night. It seemed as if it would never come; but at the last the faint gray hue in the horizon harbingered the morn. I glanced at my son. He had fallen asleep. Bound, wet, pale, like a fair lily he lay motionless on the hard planks. Then painfully raising myself a little, I looked before me, and—with what feelings I pray you to imagine—perceived that the *sénéchal* and Barville were in the boat in the same plight as ourselves. Mine eyes met those of Messire Pierre. O, what a recognition that was! I watched him with an intensity which hath no parallel; for it seemed to me that such fidelity as his would snatch us even from the jaws of death. If eyes can speak, his did so then. They said '*Courage*,' and mine answered '*Hope*.' The sea rose, and the wind also. Edward slept on, and I gazed alternately at the *sénéchal* and at the men, five of them in number, which were rowing. I heard one say to the others, 'We shall be made men if we land in England with this freight, dead or alive. The York King shall guerdon this prize more than if it were a Spanish galleon.' Then I perceived they were no common pirates, with whom composition could be made, and for a moment despaired. I looked at the *sénéchal*, and he smiled. The next instant—O God, how speak of it! how describe it!—he and Barville were on their legs. There was a

terrific assault,—blood-chilling groans, death-screams; a splash—a cry; another, and another. Blood streamed in the boat over Edward and me. The bark rolled, heaved, lurched—nearly foundered. Two men were struggling at my feet. I could not discern friends from foes. A drowning wretch caught hold of the boat-side, dragging it to destruction: a blow cut off his hand. He fell back and sank. I closed my eyes. When they opened again, Pierre de Brézé was cutting my bands; Barville, Edward's. Two dead bodies were in the boat; three engulfed in the sea. Then they seized the oars, and, more dead than alive, I turned my back to the corpses, and shielded Edward from their sight."

Here the Queen paused, and hid her visage in her hands.

"Great God!" the Duchess of Bourbon cried, "is it possible to witness such events and exist?"

"Ah, Pierre de Brézé," cried his friend George Chastellain, embracing him, "let all former heroes, let all the knights of old rise from their graves to do thee homage! For where in ancient or in modern history shall be found more glorious exploits than thine, friend of my heart, flower of chivalry, champion of fallen greatness!"

"Relate yourself, Messire Pierre," the Queen then said, "in what a marvellous manner you effected our escape." Whereupon the sénéchal thus spoke:

"Those wretches had bound us with cords, which were themselves fastened to an iron hook, fixed so firmly at our end of the boat, that no hope of deliverance seemed to exist. Nevertheless, urged on and fortified by desperation, and conscious of the prodigious strength with which God hath endowed me, I set myself with all my might to pull at the cord held by the said hook. After long and fruitless efforts, at last I felt it giving way. And then I contrived to extricate myself from my shackles without visibly shaking them off, so that when I chose I could set myself free; and under favour of the obscurity, I in a like manner liberated my companion, and whispered to him to be in readiness at a given signal to cast off the cords, spring on the rowers, master the oars, seize their weapons, slay or thrust them overboard. When the dawning light revealed the presence of the Queen and the Prince, I doubted how to act—the peril of over-setting the boat in the projected struggle was so imminent; but the despairing look of her majesty resolved me on that point; and I thank God the issue was successful, albeit fraught with incredible dangers. We threw overboard the two corpses, and set to rowing with all our might. For seven weary hours we tossed in the Gulf of Solway. Towards evening the wind changed, and drove the boat with terrific speed back to the coast of Scotland, and on to a sandbank at the mouth of the bay of Kirkcudbright, on the opposite side to the town, the waves beating against it with so great violence, that each moment we thought to see it dashed to pieces. Howsoever, we neared the shore sufficiently that, leaping into the sea, I could walk knee-deep in the water and the sand, carrying the Queen on my back; and Barville conveyed in like manner the Prince. I leave your grace to

judge what a 'Te Deum laudamus' I sang when we once more stood on dry land."

"Alas," the duchess exclaimed, "Sir Knight, the bravest of the brave, what words can justly sound your praise, or testify sufficient compassion for this sweet Queen ! for although she hath escaped with her life, never assuredly before had fortune brought a princess of her high rank into such frightful perils. If a book were to be written on the vicissitudes of royal and unfortunate ladies, she would be found to exceed them all in calamity. Say, fair cousin, gentle Queen Margaret, what followed that unlooked-for landing on an inhospitable coast."

"Madame," the Queen replied, "we remained perdu in a small hamlet in a desolate district, where the people were so simple that we feared not discovery. They could not believe any one to be a queen except they saw her with a crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand. I would fain have parleyed with the Queen Regent ; but the Sieur de Brézé reported to me that my presence in Scotland occasioned no small uneasiness to my cousin Marie, who offered to furnish me the means of repairing to the fortress of Bamborough ; where I rejoined my dear ladies and faithful servants, and thence sailed for Flanders, whither in a good hour God's providence hath led me."

Then the duchess embraced the Queen with great affection, and with many tender speeches and tears parted with her. The last part of the evening Messire Chastellain spent with her majesty. She willed him to seat himself near her, and took pleasure for some hours to discourse with him of her troubles. "Sir," she said, "you see a lady well-nigh distraught with grief, and on whom fortune hath inflicted cruel wrongs ;" and bewailing herself more than was her wont, she wrung her hands with such excess of sorrow that his own tears could not be restrained for very pity of her case ; which perceiving, she said, "Sir, if you are at leisure for such devices, I beseech you write for my consolation a little treatise on the inconstancy of fortune, setting forth mine own calamities, with those of other noble ladies who have suffered signal adversities."

"Madame," he replied, "since I had the honour of conversing with your majesty at L'Ecluse, and learnt some part of your unexampled misfortunes, I have purposed to compose a poem, entitled 'The Temple of Ruined Greatness.' The great master Boccaccio planned and began a similar one for the commemoration of the calamities of great men, from Adam to King John of France. And methinks, great Queen, that in the frontispiece of my designed temple shall be seen the tomb of the great poet, beside which your majesty shall stand, calling on him to awake and record your misfortunes and your wrongs. He will rise at your piteous voice, and console you by the many instances he will cite of the vicissitudes of others." The Queen said this project liked her well ; and then she added, "Sir, I assure you there have been moments when I was tempted by the desperation of my circumstances to convert mine own hand into an instrument of self-destruction ; but happily the

fear of God and His restraining grace have prevented me from so deadly a sin."

Alas, I thought, God's grace, and the sentences of Holy Writ touching the blessedness of those who mourn, and that every one God loveth He most chastiseth, should minister more true comfort than all the temples of ruined greatness in the world. Since we have been in Flanders, I have admired that the Queen sets so much store on this sort of consolation, and the discourses of learned and ingenious persons; but I ween the air she breathed in her young years was scented with this poetic perfume, and so she finds a sweetness in it which our English minds cannot discern.

English Premiers.

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X.—WILLIAM PITT (*continued*).

It was the singular good fortune of Pitt to rescue his royal master from unpopularity. During the former part of his reign, the pertinacity with which the King had clung to Lord Bute, whom the people despised, the faithlessness he had shown towards his own ministers, and the plots he had laid against them and carried into effect by means of the private body-guard composed of his "friends," had lessened him in the eyes of his subjects, and neutralised to a great extent the influence of those virtues in him the reality of which no one denied. But with Pitt's accession to power secret influence ended. He was too independent and haughty to tolerate any rivalry or mutiny. He cleared the palace of plotters, and the King became dearer to his people in proportion as the minister of his choice rose in their esteem. Morality and wisdom seemed for the time to be the special attributes of royalty and Pitt, while dissipation and folly fell no less to the score of the Whig leaders and the Prince of Wales.

It cannot be denied that the indiscretion of these gentlemen in the regency question gave a great advantage to their more prudent adversary. They contended that the heir-apparent had, now that his father had become insane, a right to be Regent and to exercise all the prerogatives of a king; while Pitt on the contrary maintained that no such right existed independently of Parliament, and that if the Prince of Wales were appointed Regent, his powers ought to be limited and determined by the estates of the realm. The parts taken by the two statesmen in this matter were precisely the opposite to those which they would have been supposed likely to take. Fox leaned to the side of absolutism and hereditary right, Pitt to the more popular doctrine of parliamentary authority. His conduct did not fail to procure him praise on all hands. There was thought to be something chivalrous in his thus defending an afflicted sovereign, particularly as he had every thing to gain by courting the favour of the Regent. Had he been dismissed from office by his Royal Highness, nothing but poverty stared him in the face, and his disinterestedness on the occasion made his friends

compare his loyalty to that of Sully and William Bentinck. There was the more reason in his resistance to the Whigs because George the Third's insanity was not likely to be permanent, or to disqualify him always for the affairs of state. He therefore proposed that the appointments in the royal household should rest with the Queen, so that if the King were happily restored, he might not be grieved and humiliated by finding the palace, which had been remarkable for decorum and morality, filled by the favourites of his dissolute son.

There was something in Pitt's private life and character which harmonised perfectly with this concern for the excellent Queen and for the reputation of her Court. Though he quaffed port as freely as Robert Hall drank tea, though in his youth he evinced great fondness for play, though he lived a bachelor all his days, and vice had not at that period ceased to be fashionable, his habits were highly decorous, and it is recorded to his honour that he was not driven from them by the ridicule of less upright men. Dr. Laurence in the *Rolliad*, Captain Morris and Peter Pindar, made his innocence a theme of mirth; but their verses served only to raise him in public esteem. He is thought to have been sincerely attached to the Hon. Eleanor Eden, but from causes now difficult to ascertain he never made her an actual proposal. His niece, the famous Hester Stanhope, did the honours of his house, and enlivened its guests by the brightness of her talents. "How can Pitt have such a spoon as this?" asked Lord Musgrave, when he was breakfasting there one day and was treated to a broken egg-spoon. "Don't you know," replied Lady Hester Stanhope, "that my uncle sometimes uses very slight and weak instruments to effect his ends?" The poets who lampooned Pitt were but few compared with those who praised him. Seldom has a minister been more loudly hymned, and seldom has "A health to the pilot who weathered the storm" been sung with heartier enthusiasm to brimming goblets than when Pitt was toasted at Tory dinners and carousals. Yet, strange to say, he was by no means a patron of learning. He carried to excess the wise rule of leaving public opinion to decide on the merits and rewards of literary works. He withheld from men of letters those distinctions and occasional pensions which it is as honourable to the State to offer as to the receivers to have earned. He suffered Porson to become a newspaper drudge, and Gibbon a poor exile. He stretched out no hand to Johnson when expiring in Fleet-street for want of purer and softer air; and if Cowper obtained at last the solace of a pension, it was not owing to Pitt's exertion in his behalf. The Church of England has certainly some reason to be proud of Paley, but Pitt did not think him worthy of promotion. Painters,

sculptors, and architects, who emerged from obscurity owed nothing to Pitt for the improvement of their fortune. With boundless means at his disposal, his parsimony towards literary men reminds us of Louis XIV., of whom it is related, that among his acts of munificence he awarded a pension of 40*l.* to Molière during his life, and allowed his tomb after his death to be raised one foot above the ground!* "Literature will take care of itself," answered Pitt, when applied to in behalf of Burns. "Yes," observed Southey, "it will take care of itself, *and of you too*, if you do not look to it."

Pitt's failing in this respect was the more remarkable because his oratory was the fruit of genius and careful study. He never so relied on his natural abilities as to neglect secondary means, and his high position supplied whatever was wanting to make his success as a debater complete. There were points in which some of his contemporaries surpassed him—Sheridan was more witty, Burke more imaginative—but in power and ingenuity he rose above them, and found no rival but in Fox. To him, again, he yielded in kindliness of look and language—perhaps in sympathy with human sufferings and in hatred of every form of oppression. He was intrepid and proud, but noble and commanding on all occasions; severe as one who is conscious of rectitude, and sometimes sarcastic and scornful as one who can endure nothing that is crooked and low. It was in supporting the glorious efforts of Wilberforce to suppress the slave-trade that his eloquence shone brightest and fell with surest stroke. It was the 2d of April 1792; Grey, Windham, and Fox were walking away together from the House of Commons, and, still under the magic influence of his periods, they discussed the merits of his high-souled appeal. On this they all agreed, that they had never before heard such oratory, and that during the last twenty minutes Pitt seemed inspired. There is no more happy faculty in a speaker than that of seizing impromptu on some passing occurrence, and applying it to illustrate his main argument. It was long past midnight. Pitt had been describing in pathetic language the dark and servile condition of Africa, and had expressed sanguine hopes of its being yet visited by the light of religion, civilisation, and science, when the first ray of the morning broke through the windows of the House of Commons, and with admirable readiness he pointed to that beam, and quoted those apposite lines from the *Georgics*:

"Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper."[†]

His hopes, his prospects, his prediction were all summed up in this

* Victor Hugo's William Shakespeare, p. 27

† l. 250, 251.

beautiful poetry; and as he turned his face towards the south, the hearts of his hearers bounded across intervening seas to embrace as freedmen and brethren the swarthy children of Ham.

The generous rivalry which existed between Pitt and Fox did not prevent their uniting on many important questions. They advocated with equal warmth the cause of the marketed negro, pleaded side by side for the relief of Roman Catholics, contended together for the extension to juries of the same powers in cases of libel as in criminal proceedings, thus placing the liberty of the press under their protection, and they inveighed with one voice against those "iniquitous laws" in the Statute-book "which attach penalties to mere opinions." It cannot, indeed, be maintained that Pitt was always consistent, nor can we do otherwise than lament his yielding, against his better judgment, to pressure from without in supporting the Test and Corporation Act. That he was personally averse to the exclusion of all but members of the Established Church from offices of State is certain from the fact of his having in private laid before George III. "unanswerable reasons for abolishing it." The great question on which Pitt and Fox differed was the expediency of war with France. Yet this difference supervened upon previous agreement. In 1790 Pitt predicted that the convulsions in France would sooner or later end in order and peace. In February 1792 he declared to the House that, judging from the condition of Europe, there never was a time when a long peace might more reasonably be expected. The policy he recommended was that of strict neutrality. He contemplated a reduction of the war establishment in June, and in October and November he still dwelt on the advantages of non-intervention. As late as the 29th of December he maintained that war might be averted, and nothing transpired which could cause men to suspect that his private feelings had undergone a change. All was of a piece with his attempt to introduce a commercial treaty between England and revolutionary France—an attempt which brought upon him the bitterest reproaches, and was thought likely by many to disturb the peace of his father's bones. His favourite plans of economy and finance, his project for reducing the taxes and improving commerce, were evidently based on the expectation of peace. He would leave France to arrange her internal affairs after her own fashion—this was his uniform language, whether in the House or in his private correspondence. But January 1793 arrived—that tragical month which saw the blood of Louis XVI. poured forth on a scaffold; and those red drops were the first of a shower of blood which fell on the soddened plains of half Europe during many years. Pitt's policy changed. Up to the moment when the result of Louis

XVI.'s trial was made known, he advised the other powers of Europe to preserve peace; after it, he no longer did so. On the 20th of January his resolution to declare war was avowed. A party of the Whigs sided with him. On the 24th the French Ambassador was informed that the King refused to receive his credentials, and on the 1st of February the Convention, anticipating the English premier, declared war against Great Britain. The die was cast, and the people of England in general gladly accepted the terrible alternative. The animating principle of the struggle in which they engaged was the defence of hereditary right, and resistance to the principles of the French Revolution. Fox is said to have acknowledged on his death-bed that Pitt had really no alternative but to make war; and Sir Cornewall Lewis* believed that a mere recognition of the French Republic would not have prevented the Convention from commencing hostilities unless England had declared herself friendly to the principles professed by the members of that body. Samuel Rogers declares in his *Recollections*† that the war was forced on Pitt; but Wilberforce, though he maintains that "we were not the assailants, and therefore the conflict was just and necessary," adds nevertheless, that "the Ministry had not taken due pains to prevent its breaking out."‡ A variety of circumstances make it evident that, if Pitt was not the first actually to declare war, he had latterly led up to it, and made it necessary for the Convention to declare it or abandon altogether the position they had taken. To some persons Pitt's conduct in this matter appears laudable, to others it seems to need excuse. The most moderate men, however, on all sides allow that he might at least, by a longer exercise of forbearance and prudence, have postponed the hostilities he at last invited. If his grand object was to crush the hydra-headed spirit of democracy rampant in France, he should have waited for some distinct and daring act of aggression on the part of the Republicans against England. He would then have had the support of all parties, Fox included, and would have faced the foe with tenfold strength. By provoking the French he only stimulated their fierce enthusiasm, and saw within a twelvemonth more than a million of them rush to arms. He knew little or nothing of the Continent, having crossed the Channel but once during a vacation, and his powerful mind was by no means richly endowed with experience in the ways of the world. Great as was his capacity for government in time of peace, he appears to have been incapable of calculating the military resources and prowess of France as contrasted with the diminutive war establishment of Great

* Administrations of Great Britain, p. 138.

† Page 189.

‡ Life, vol. ii. p. 11.

Britain. He fondly expected a prompt and easy victory, though warned of his error even by Burke, by Lord Stanhope, and M. Bigot de St. Croix, who had formerly been Minister for Foreign Affairs in France. It was not long before the English army was laughed at by all Europe, and though always remarkable for courage, proved as ill trained and provisioned as in our own day in the Crimea; while in a few years the martial power of France, so far from being abased, had planted its foot on the necks of the proudest and most ancient of European sovereignties.

Pitt's change of policy as regards foreign affairs produced a corresponding change in his administration at home. The Premier no longer appeared as the warm advocate of reform, and several of his measures were severely repressive. The state of the country was thought to justify prosecutions for political opinion, of which we should now be ashamed. Muir and Palmer were sentenced to transportation for an offence so slight that it could scarcely be called a misdemeanour; yet Pitt did not even in private express any disapproval of the penalty which these men were to endure, the one during fourteen, and the other during seven years. A Traitorous Correspondence Bill was passed, and Pitt did not oppose the clause which provided that an offender might be hanged, drawn and quartered, without being furnished with a copy of the indictment, or permitted the means of defence. To advocate parliamentary reform was called sedition; small householders were termed the rabble; and a Lord Justice maintained that the landed interest only had a right to be represented, and that those who taught the contrary ought to be hanged or thrown to wild beasts. The law of constructive treason, Lord Campbell says, was intended to extinguish all political agitation, and to bring under the head of criminals persons whose intentions were benevolent and honest, and who advocated moderate changes by constitutional means. Attempts were made to bring Lord Stanhope, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall within its scope; but even George III., who certainly cannot be accused of over-indulgence to liberals, exclaimed against it to his Chancellor. "Constructive treason won't do, my Lord," he said; "it won't do. You have got us into the wrong box."

Such were some of the repressive measures which Pitt countenanced. He had it in his power also to put down the Orange atrocities in Ireland, but he did not put them down. The close alliance of a constitutional government, like that of England, with continental Powers intolerant of any limit to absolute rule, was unnatural, and involved him in consequences unfavourable to the freedom of English subjects. The Allies, moreover, were bent on spoiling France and

* aggrandising their own dominions—an object by no means in accordance with British interests. It was a small matter to Pitt that he should be held up to execration in France, and that every species of infamy should there be laid to his charge. He accounted it an honour to be accused by them of suborning assassins to put an end to Lepelletier and Robespierre, of corrupting the Gironde, hiring the murderers of September, and perpetrating by means of his tools the horrors of the Reign of Terror. As fast as one party rose to power in Paris, it ascribed the atrocities of its predecessors and the calamities they had caused to the Fiend who directed the counsels of the King of England. He could afford to treat such libels with silent scorn; but it would have been well if he had been raised equally high above the animadversions of foes at home. So far as he was concerned, the holy war against infidelity and democracy effected nothing, and brought us to the very verge of defeat and surrender. It spread the Revolution to Belgium and Italy, and wasted English gold on weak and faithless allies. It subsidised Austria, who deserted us, with four millions and a half; and Prussia, who cheated us, with 1,200,000*l.* Mutual jealousies proved more powerful than the common cause. Prussia withdrew because Austria was likely to be the gainer, and Spain was alarmed by the growing strength of the British navy. The first coalition melted away; and Pitt, three years after he had formed it, was ready to come to terms with France, to admit her conquests, and to leave her Holland and Belgium as the price of reconciliation. The second coalition ensued, augmented the French power under the Consulate, and closed with the peace of Amiens.* The third had no better result, and terminated with the defeat of the Allies at Austerlitz.† Napoleon and the empire triumphed, and disasters befel us everywhere except on the sea and the sands of Egypt. Failure, it is true, is not in itself an argument against a good cause and a conflict carried on under a sense of duty; but failures so signal and numerous as those which Pitt incurred may well lead us to inquire whether the counter-policy of Fox, consisting in armed arbitration abroad, mutual concessions and mutual securities, with the redress of grievances nearer home, might not at least have been tried before the nation was committed to war with the French Republic. I have endeavoured without prepossession to state plainly the *pros* and *cons* of Pitt's war policy, well knowing that it is a subject on which the minds of Englishmen will be divided to the end of time.

There was a period when almost every voice in England was loud

* A.D. 1802.

† A.D. 1805.

in his favour. The eloquence of Fox lost its spell when employed in remonstrating against an antijacobin war. His followers dropped off one by one, and his party in the House of Commons dwindled from a hundred and sixty to fifty. Ten or twelve Peers only adhered to his side; and when Pitt stepped forward reluctantly to head an army of orthodox Conservatives against the hosts of the infidel, he was hailed as a mighty deliverer, and France was expected to quail before him as she had before the genius of his father. But in his war administration his talents were sadly inferior to those of Chatham. His armaments were completed on a paltry scale, though he was backed by the sympathy and support of nearly the whole nation. Immense sums of money were squandered by him to little effect, and he met the impetuous shock of the French enthusiasts with a handful of men. During eight years his dulcet eloquence on the boards of the House of Commons predicted the speedy ruin of the exhausted Republic, as if rulers without principle and soldiers without coats or shoes were to be stopped in their career of triumphant plunder by the necessity of issuing assignats not worth a *sou*. It was the fear of their pernicious principles extending to England which led him into a system of intimidation at home scarcely warranted by the state of society. Never had the nation been more loyal, and never had a prime minister less reason to apprehend revolution or to punish with severity the peaceable expression of opinion. The Seditious Meeting Bill, the long suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the Alien Bill, and the prosecutions for libel, accompanied with penalties for treason, are defended by Pitt's partisans as needful during a crisis. Yet to every impartial observer they seem to require excuse, especially when we consider that they suppressed the very opinions which Pitt himself had once advocated, and foreclosed the very discussions which he had often been the first to open. To persecute is generally to propagate; and when a conceited spark could not talk a little republicanism in an alehouse without danger of being arrested for treason, when a public meeting could not be called to petition Parliament about very rotten boroughs or very heavy excise without the chairman being likely to be indicted for sedition, there is reason to suspect that disaffection spread more freely than it would have done if republicans and reformers had simply been laughed down and argued down by the staunch supporters of Church and State. It was certainly hard to send aliens out of the country on bare suspicion without any trial, and a Government which is permitted so to act is certain to have an army of spies in its pay. The existing laws of England firmly applied would have sufficed to put down all serious irregularities without the re-issue of old and barbarous edicts. But

it was Pitt's misfortune and error to be severe on those from whom little was to be dreaded, and languid in opposing the Jacobins abroad, from whom society and soldiers alike had so much to fear.

There is one part, however, of Pitt's administration which deserves the highest encomium, because it proves his love of justice, and his courage in enduring obloquy in a righteous cause. It is curious, indeed, to remark how posterity has praised him most for what in his lifetime brought disappointment and pain, while the measures for which in the days of his popularity he was most loudly extolled are now generally censured or feebly excused. Catholics in particular owe him a debt of gratitude, for he stood forward as the advocate of their rights at a time when their friends were few. Neither from the King, the Lords, nor the people could he expect any support in pleading for those whose loyalty was suspected and whose religion was hated and despised. Yet the miseries and wrongs of Ireland touched his heart, and while he sought to unite that country more closely with England, he saw clearly that such a union, to be permanent and satisfactory, must be based on a better distribution of justice in ecclesiastical matters. Somerset, Sir William Petty under Cromwell, and William III. had all seen the advantages that would result from the union of the sister isles; but they were unable or unwilling to propose the needful concessions. On the 31st of January 1801, Pitt addressed a letter to the King, in which he officially unfolded his plans. The general tenor of the document may be expressed in the following terms: "Your Majesty will perhaps be alarmed by the nature and extent of the measures by which I would propose completing the union of Ireland. The war in which we have so long been engaged has made Roman Catholics our natural allies. We fight with a common enemy, and thus their cause is ours. Injustice and cruelty has marked the government of this country as regards Ireland during several ages, and we are still smarting under the effects of the rebellion of 1798, which we might have averted by more lenient laws. It will be well not to promote another outbreak, nor to tempt Irishmen to look to France for protection and sympathy. The surest foundation of your Majesty's throne is in the hearts of loyal subjects. The Irish regiments fight well for England; let us attach Irish civilians as warmly to our cause. They are a people highly susceptible of favourable and unfavourable impressions; but he who meddles with their religion touches the apple of their eye. Let us cease to treat them as a conquered race. Let us remove from them that odious ban which

excludes them from offices of state because they worship God according to the tradition of their fathers. Let us substitute for the old parliament in College Green a parliament in Westminster, where their representatives, of whatever creed, will find a place. Let us maintain their clergy by a moderate allowance, and thus convert disaffected pastors into loyal citizens, and relieve their flocks of the onerous necessity of supporting a religion in which they do not believe. By these means prejudices will be softened, landlords and tenants reconciled, races amalgamated, commerce improved, and treason averted."

The arguments which the Premier laid before the King had obtained the consent of his colleagues, and as he had given the Catholics of Ireland reason to expect some concessions, he felt himself bound to redeem his pledge. He intimated plainly in his letter his intention of resigning in case his proposal did not meet with the royal approbation. Unfortunately George III. had already been apprised of his minister's intentions by Lord Loughborough; and his original aversion to Catholic emancipation was increased by the slyness of his cabinet in concealing their designs so long from him. Not for one moment did he entertain the thought of compliance. He was possessed by a strong conviction that to do so would be to violate his coronation oath; and it was the Duke of Portland's opinion that he would suffer martyrdom rather than yield. He could exchange, he said, his throne for a cottage, or lay down his head on a block, if his subjects required it, but he could not and would not forfeit his pledges and make shipwreck of a good conscience. Such firmness would have been most praiseworthy in a righteous cause: the general sense of Englishmen now pronounces it senseless obstinacy; and even Mr. Croker, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, wrote, several years after the Catholic Emancipation Bill had been passed: "We take this opportunity of repeating our solemn admonition that, until state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland be made, that country never can be reclaimed from the political disaffection, the religious bigotry, and the Celtic barbarism, which are the real causes of all her material as well as her moral miseries."

It was in vain that Dundas tried to explain the matter to George III. He was desired to keep his Scotch metaphysics to himself; and the King, relying with confidence, unfortunately too well founded, on the support of Parliament, wrote immediately to Addington informing him of the letter which he had received from Pitt. His own opinion, he said, was "most completely and unalterably formed," and he therefore desired the Speaker's presence as

soon as possible, and in his walking dress. A correspondence followed between the King and the Premier, which issued in Pitt's retirement, and the appointment of Mr. Addington as head of the new cabinet in February 1801.

A Child's Epitaph.

(From the Anthology.)

οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης δ' ἐν ἀμείνονα χώραν,
καὶ ναίεις μακάρων νήσουε θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ,
ἐνθα κατ' Ἑλυσίων πεδίων σκιρτῶσα γέγηθας.
ἄνθεσιν ἐν μαλακοῖσι, κακῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἀπάντων·
οὐ χειμῶν λυπεῖ σ', οὐ καὶ μ', οὐ νοῦσος ἐνοχλεῖ,
οὐ πείνη σ', οὐ δίψος ἔχει σ'· ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ποθεινὸς
ἀνθρώπων ἐστὶ σοι βίωτος. ζῶεις γὰρ ἀμέμπτως
αὐγαῖς ἐν καθαρίσιν Ὀλύμπου πλησίον ὄντος.

English.

Thou art not dead, dear Child, but this
For brighter world exchanging,
Thou dwellest in the isles of bliss,
In flowery joyaunce ranging
O'er the calm Elysian plains,
Ever freed from ills and pains.

Nor heat nor cold endurest thou,
Nor hunger-pains, nor ailing;
Nor fond regrets can touch thee now,
Loss of this life bewailing:
Pure bright life to thee is given,
At the very door of Heaven.

Early Days of the Paris Police.

III.—CLOSE OF LA REYNIE'S ADMINISTRATION.

PERPETUAL imprisonment and condemnation to the galleys have been so often mentioned in following the course of La Reynie's administration, that it cannot be without interest to inquire into the nature of these punishments at this time. The prisons of France, like our own, were then in a most deplorable condition, though the French probably bore the palm. Unfortunately statistics, as they now exist, were then unknown, and it is only by scraps here and there, as one picks up fragments of Roman or Etruscan pottery, that we gain a few scattered details which open the state of things. For instance, about ten years before the institution of the *Chambre des Poisons*, an order had been issued by the Government for the inspection of prisons, as the dreadful mortality of the prisoners imperatively demanded some attention to the subject. The report afterwards issued sufficiently indicates the causes of suffering and death. In these dreadful dens, which were often underground, wholly undrained, and, as a matter of course, without light or ventilation, multitudes of prisoners were crowded together in a state of dirt and neglect not to be described. Whatever infectious malady any one of them caught was immediately communicated to the whole number; and in the midst of a crowd of unwashed and untended companions, with less care and assistance than would be given to cattle, the sick died. At For l'Evêque, the yard in which four hundred or five hundred prisoners were *aired* could scarcely contain them, and, from the size of the surrounding buildings, was almost like a square well. Even this miserable glimpse of daylight must have been hailed by the poor wretches, who, when in the prison, were locked up in holes and dens, in which no animal could live, under the stairs, and where the waters of the Seine flowed over their heads. "Here," says an eye-witness, "holes of five feet by six were hollowed in the walls, which could only be entered on all fours, and where five or six prisoners were confined at a time."

This, it must be remembered, was the prison for debtors and those apprehended by the police for merely slight offences. The two

prisons of the Grand and Petit Châtelet were in a much worse condition, and the only tolerable place of confinement was the Conciergerie, or old palace of St. Louis. Yet in the Conciergerie there was no drainage; the infirmary and women's cells were excessively small, low, and without air; and the sick, without any one to cleanse, help, or move them, were put four and five in a bed. The provincial prisons were in much the same state, and, at that time, scarcely less crowded. At an earlier time, during the wars of the League and the Fronde, the misery and sufferings of the unfortunate prisoners—often untried—were so heart-rending, that the very gaolers could not stand it, and had allowed many of them, on certain conditions and the payment of small sums, to leave the prisons during the day. The exact administration and Argus eyes of La Reynie rendered these irregularities impossible. Commissioners were appointed to visit the two Châtelets. Unhappily, the prisons in which political or special offenders were confined—the Bastille, For l'Evêque, Vincennes, Bicêtre,* and Charenton—were still closed to every inquiry, and within those walls the indescribable suffering still remained a sealed mystery to all. When we take into account that, besides these seven Paris prisons, nearly every fortress in France contained prisoners, the amount of criminals in comparison with the population far exceeds any modern returns; and it presents a problem, most painful to solve, of how much suffering men can bear from or cause to men. In the far-away fortresses of the provinces, where no inspector ever penetrated, so many persons were detained on suspicion, or for further trial, that men there spent years and years, and finally dropped out of life forgotten. More than a dozen years after the closing of the *Chambre des Poisons*, some report was made out to La Reynie concerning the fortress of Salces, in Roussillon, from which it appears that a gendarme named La Frace, after being imprisoned in the Bastille and Vincennes for over three years, had been at Salces for nine. All that could be proved about him was that he had been acquainted with a person who had been executed for poisoning. Without further question or proof, La Frace had then been remanded to Salces; and there, on the sunlit hills of Roussillon, but where no sunshine ever shone for him, wearing away day after day in monotonous solitude, his forgotten life came to an end.

In fact, no one knew who was in prison, or for what offences. So that when, at the short peace of Ryswick, in 1697, Louis XIV. generously wished to open the prison doors to as many as possible,

* It is interesting now to visit the Bicêtre, and compare the comfort of the old men of this magnificent poor-house with its former sad inmates.

"*autant qu'il se peut*," it was necessary for the Chancellor, Pontchartrain,* to send lists of the persons confined to the governors of l'Hôpital Général and the Refuge,† with the reasons why they had been detained. The then *Chef de Police*, D'Argenson—La Reynie had retired—was to accompany the governor, in order to be sure that no more communication passed between him and the prisoner than was absolutely necessary. A general indignation seems also to have then arisen as to the numbers who were still confined, for little or no cause, in the Bastille; and here La Reynie's advice was again sought, in a matter where his experience was of the utmost value. It was found that many of the prisoners' names were not even on the prison-roll; and when inquiry was made for a certain priest named Gérard, and other persons, arrested for having been suspected of poisoning, none of the officials knew whether they were in the Bastille or not, though, like poor La Frace, Gérard had been shut up, without guilt proven, for eight years. Still more terrible was that ever-memorable case, then also exhumed, of the artisan who had lain in a dark damp cell in the Bastille for ten years, for the crime of having intended to set up some French manufactory of stuffs in another country.

Notwithstanding these facts, Seignelay and the governor of the Bastille demanded reforms in vain. Pontchartrain, against whose unruffled calm the claims of justice and mercy broke as upon plates of steel, replied that it was utterly impossible at that time even to consider the subject of prison inspection and reform, as the expenses of the king's incessant and costly wars demanded more funds than the resources of the revenue could supply. And, in fact, the matter was laid aside, and the prisons remained practically much as they were, till the day came when the Bastille was razed to the ground.

Whether the lot of the prisoners or the galley-slaves of France was then the worst must be decided by each one's special taste for suffering. The galley-slaves had the apparent advantages of sun and air; but it is doubtful if these were a sufficient set-off to the company and the ceaseless and racking labour. The first condemnation of criminals to the galleys is to be found in the reign of Charles VII.; and from the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the seventeenth century the number of these vessels in the fleet continued to increase, till Louis XIV. reckoned forty-two galleys completely equipped and armed. The then equipment of three rows or benches of rowers required so large a number of men that it became difficult to supply the demand. In 1522 it had been for-

* Pontchartrain is sometimes called the Secretary of State.

† In these two extra prisons the sick were confined.

bidden to condemn priests to this fearful punishment; but when a greater pressure was put upon the criminal courts to obtain galley-slaves, it became necessary to pass a more formal edict, which was done in 1544, which exempted the clergy entirely from that punishment. When Francis I. came to the throne all kinds of offences, heavy and light, were punishable in this way; and later on, Colbert issued orders that criminals should be condemned to the galleys in preference to any other sentence; and even crimes hitherto punished by death now received this sentence instead.* It would seem strange to us in these days to find the Home Secretary directing the judges what punishment to inflict; and the strong pressure put on by the executive power produced, as may be imagined, an abundant crop of horrors. One obsequious prison-governor wrote to Colbert that he had twenty fine strong galley-men ready to start for Toulon as soon as the commissioner should present himself with his chain. "And the sooner the better," he added, "both that they may not begin to get out of condition, and that the prisons may be relieved of the expense." He concludes with a *sang froid* more effective than pages of explanation: "It is not my fault that there are only twenty" (galley-men), "for one cannot force the judges to pass this particular sentence." Another "obliging" gentleman, the advocate-general of Toulouse, excused himself with even more consummate politeness: "Considering," he says, "the extreme desire evinced by his majesty to increase his galley-slaves, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for having served him so ill" as to have condemned only forty-three prisoners to the galleys. The "extreme desire" of the king went so far indeed that, after passing a law which swept up the Paris beggars and what we should call paupers for this wretched invention of cruelty, and still finding a deficit, Louis ordered the purchase of Italian, Russian, Turk, and negro slaves, and a number of war-prisoners of all countries. These all passing under the category of slaves, all faith and justice was set aside, and not one of them was freed at the expiration of his sentence; and it then became common to condemn criminals to a minimum of six or ten years' galley-service, which could be indefinitely prolonged at the discretion of the commandant according to the difficulty of obtaining fresh hands.

In 1673 we find the voice of the Church, always on the side of mercy, interceding for these oppressed men. A mission had been ordered to be preached for their benefit at Marseilles, and on its con-

* "Sa majesté, désirant rétablir le corps de ses galères . . . son intention est que vous teinez la main à ce que votre compagnie y condamne le plus grand nombre de coupables qu'il se pourra; et que l'on convertisse même la peine de mort en celle des galères" (Colbert aux Présidents des Parlements).

clusion the Bishop, though in some trepidation, knowing the king's despotic mood, presented a petition on behalf of those whose term of service had expired. For the benefit of all who uphold the advantages of despotic government the disclosures made by this petition are handed down. It made known that poor criminals, for no outrageous crimes, who in 1652 had been condemned to two years' service at the galleys, were in 1674 still sitting chained to the oar in company with murderers and miscreants deep-dyed in crime; that it was a most common occurrence to serve fifteen or twenty years beyond the term of sentence; and that the only criminal on record who had been discharged when his freedom was due was a man maimed in the arm, and therefore useless at the oar. Six years after some show of redress had been made, in 1679, petitions were again presented in favour of two poor galley-slaves, whose names, Reboul and Carreau, ought to be preserved. Carreau had served twelve, Reboul fourteen years beyond their term; and "thus," pitifully pleads their memorialist, with the saddest submissiveness on record,—“thus, as they have served so many years more than their sentence, perhaps their liberty may be granted, monseigneur, *as a favour, if it should be pleasing to you to grant it.*” It is not recorded whether “the king's grace” did grant this prayer, or turned to it a deaf ear.

What was the life of these men which was thus unjustly dragged on for years beyond its due? The picture of it, drawn by an eyewitness, depicts so vivid a reality of suffering that our cowardly age could scarcely witness, and certainly not endure, it. Fed only with beans or lentils steeped in oil, a few scraps of bacon or pork on great occasions, and the coarsest black bread; covered with sores and vermin; clothed in one coarse garment like a sack, and with bare legs and feet, these most wretched men were chained by day to the heavy sweeps or oars, and at night lay huddled together on the bare planks, without covering or shelter; and thus reduced to an aspect scarcely human, they wore out the years in ceaseless monotonous toil. It seems scarcely possible to believe that, notwithstanding these facts, when foreigners or guests of distinction visited the commandant, the favourite exhibition was to walk down the *Reale* to inspect the galleys. These fine gilded and burnished craft were then tricked out with flags, banners, and streamers of all colours, while crimson velvet and damask canopies, with gold fringes and tassels, covered tables spread with every dainty, and shaded the guests from the inconvenient heat of the sun. And then, as if in ghastly mockery of the gaiety and frivolous trifling which could dare to approach their hideous suffering, the miserable galley-slaves rose up from their benches, and saluted the commandant and his guests with

the hoarse panting groan they used at the oar—that same gasping sob which so sickened the ears of all who ever approached these floating dens of misery in the Carribbean Sea.*

When we hear, as has been stated, that it was competent for magistrates to sentence paupers or beggars to the galleys, we naturally feel some wish to know in what light this difficult class was regarded in Paris, and how they fared under the vigorous sweep of La Reynie's broom. It is certain that in thus tracing the course of social progress in Paris we light upon strange things; and considering that there is now perhaps no country in Europe in which the poor are so excellently treated and wisely administered, we are bound to confess that, whereas we have made the very worst use of our own and other people's experience, France must have turned her past mistakes to the best account. If she has had her full share of childish follies and youthful excesses, her middle age has reaped its full harvest of practical wisdom.†

In 1612 the then Bishop of Paris issued a *mandement*, or pastoral, declaring that the state of beggarmdom was now beyond all endurance; that the cries and groans of mendicants in the churches were so great a nuisance as to prevent people from attending to their prayers, and that unless they were shut up and restrained from wandering to the annoyance of the public, the ordinary business of life could not proceed. He proposed, therefore, that certain of the public hospitals should be given over to that purpose, and that the Paris paupers should be forcibly enclosed within them, and obliged to work for an honest livelihood. The Bishop cited the establishment of such poor-houses as these in Venice, Geneva, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and Milan, for beggars of both sexes (*les gueux et les gueuses*), who were there enclosed and kept to hard and painful labour. In Amsterdam especially was a celebrated establishment—a workhouse school—where the children of bad or idle parents were sent to school by the Government, and were taught several useful trades. "One thing only is wanting in this school," observes the Bishop, "and that is the teaching and practice of the Catholic faith, which by God's grace cannot fail us in Paris." His urgent

* "Les forçats saluent l'intendant et ceux qu'il a amenés, en criant . . . 'Hou ! hou ! hou !' comme si c'étoient des ours et non des hommes."

† A curious old chronicle records that besides the chance of the galleys, the poor were subjected to many sufferings. In 1551 an order was issued in Paris to *chain* several poor men, and employ them in cleaning the streets, &c.; for which purpose shovels, buckets, and other tools were to be provided by the city. These unfortunate "*enchesnés*" are quaintly designated as "*quelques pauvres valides*," and were to be seen at the gate Montmartre.

appeal took such effect that the police received orders to assemble the Paris beggars in a certain place, and carry them off to the three hospitals prepared for their reception. This excellent intention, however, was not executed, on account of the numbers of pages, lacqueys, cooks, grooms, and workmen, who, faithful to their principles in every age, found the Arab class useful in saving their own dignity and legs, as well as in conveying their "perquisites" surreptitiously out of their masters' houses. The police were attacked and soundly beaten, and a cry was raised on the score of religion. "It was an offence against God"—it was urged—"to drive away the poor who He said should be always with us; and on whose account He rebuked the grudging Judas when he would not that the ointment should be spent in love." The magistracy of Paris then took up the matter, and declared on their side that there was no intention to drive the poor away, but rather to instruct and train them; and that, although in truth poverty was blessed and honoured by God, it was always under the condition that men are to live upon the fruits of the earth earned by the sweat of their own brow, and by persistent toil. They added that the charity of good men was often bestowed upon the noisiest, the most insolent, the readiest of tongue, and the most given to deceit and falsehood. "Such poverty as this could only be likened to a common sewer, running over with lies, cheating, and every kind of imposture." In spite of the strong language and stronger feeling of the governing classes, the decision of this important question was postponed until 1616, when a very curious spectacle was witnessed. An order was issued that all the idlers, strollers, and beggars, sick or well, native or foreign, should assemble in the Place de la Foire St. Germain, and be there conducted by the police to the houses appointed for them.* Those who did not choose to obey this edict were to take themselves entirely away, and to find some means of their own for obtaining an honest living.

On the appointed day there was a great array of both the police-lieutenants,—of the long and short robe,—the archers of the guard, and the police-sergeants; but out of the 8,000 or 10,000 beggars, male and female, reckoned as proper to Paris, ninety-one alone presented themselves. At the same time large bodies and whole troops of the idlest and the worst-disposed crowded into the Faubourgs St. Antoine, Rully, and Ville de l'Evesque, where they took refuge in barns, stables, and outhouses, to the scandal and danger of all passers-by; and where they lived huddled together like sheep or

* "Tous vacabons, fainéans, caymans et caymandes, valides et invalides, estrangers et forains, &c." (*Archives Curieuses*).

cattle, "to the shame of the city, the dishonour of God's laws, and the loss of their own souls." *

These were the bands who were accustomed to meet daily in the famous Cour de Miracle, between the gates St. Denis and Montmartre; and there, having cast off their wooden legs, diseased arms, and false eyes, and discarded their bandages and sores, sang, danced, and feasted sumptuously at the expense of their credulous victims. This historical haunt of begging, thieving, and imposture—always and in all ages united—was finally broken up under La Reynie's "order and rule."

Once enclosed within the poor-house walls, the Paris beggars were thoroughly taken in hand and well administered. Regulations are extant appointing them thick straw beds, warm coverlets, good woollen clothing, *sabots*, woollen stockings, and all such necessities. Every day two good wheaten loaves of twelve ounces each, soup, and half a pound of cooked meat, were served out to every person; and on meagre days, cabbage, herb, or pea soup, and eggs. In Lent the same soup, and "one large or two small herrings," or a good mess of boiled peas and butter, was the allotted portion. In case of sickness the poor were to be removed to the Hôtel Dieu. There were appointed also a doctor or bachelor of medicine to attend them, besides surgeons and apothecaries. And lastly, according to the just saying of the Bishop of Paris (Gondy), every care was taken for the welfare of their souls; and it was expressly provided that all the inmates of the hospices or poor-houses should have the opportunity of Confession and Communion at the great feasts of the year, and at other occasional times of any solemnity.

One of the hospices set apart for the poor was the Quinze Vingts, founded in 1254 by St. Louis for 300 gentlemen who had been blinded by the Saracens in the Holy Land. The statue of the holy king was still standing in its niche in the façade of the building in 1769; but, like so much else that was rich in historical interest and association in Paris, it has now vanished for ever.

His long and incessant labours in organising the Paris paupers were probably one chief cause of La Reynie's final resignation of the lieutenancy of police, the office which he had so faithfully discharged for five-and-twenty years. It is differently related that he urgently entreated and finally with difficulty obtained the king's permission to retire, and that he was courteously dismissed by Pontchartrain. It is certainly probable that the chancellor, worn out by the responsibility of providing funds for ruinous wars and by the misery of the

* "Meslés ensemble comme bestes brutes, &c." (*Archives Curieuses.*)

famine-struck and seditious provinces, was irritated at La Reynie's persistent demands for social reforms, and by no means shared his enlightened views on prison and pauper ameliorations. Possibly also, having resigned the police, La Reynie clung more tenaciously to his official position in the royal council; for his was a character which utterly disdained rest and ease, and one which would be accounted "troublesome" in opposition. One of the keenest and most discerning, though often inaccurate, witnesses of the day, Saint-Simon, gives the following account of the circumstances: "La Reynie, the state councillor so well known as having been the first to raise the police lieutenantancy of Paris from its former low reputation, and for having established it as an important administrative post, on account of its confidential relations with the king and court, and the variety of subjects upon which it bears, requiring great tact and delicacy in dealing with influential people, obtained, when eighty* years old, the permission to leave so irksome an office, but which he had been the first to raise by the justice, modesty, and integrity with which he had discharged its duties, always seeking to do in it the least possible harm. He was indeed a man of great virtue and high capacity; for in this post, which he had, as it were, created, he could easily have excited public hatred, and yet we find him universally esteemed. D'Argenson, another Master of Requests, succeeded him in the office."

Whether voluntarily released or not, La Reynie occupied his retirement in setting his house in order and preparing for death. In his will—true to the last to his old principle of order—he directed that his body should rest in the parish cemetery, and not in the church, according to the general vanity of the time. He also forbade the ostentation of hanging the church with black, leaving instead alms for the poor and for several charities, and begging that "as many Masses should be said for him as possible." His greatest sorrow was that his only son proved quite unworthy of his own conscientious and laborious career, and spent his life in the effeminate diletante idleness of Roman society. He never even cared to claim his own patrimony or his father's bequests.† Thus the name which he had chosen and ennobled died with him, and the wise and enlightened statesman is now represented only by Mons. de Calignon, who at

* La Reynie was not eighty, but seventy-two.

† It gives some insight into La Reynie's tastes and character to read in his will that the printed and bound books and engravings bequeathed to his undeserving son were valued at 20,000 francs. He left an immense quantity of manuscripts, which also attest the extraordinary and systematic industry of his life.

this moment resides at Tralage, the very château which was burnt by the great Condé during the Fronde.

La Reynie was succeeded in the police (1697) by Marc-Réné de Voyer de Paulmy d'Argenson, who, taking up the same course of social reforms, and proceeding with the same strong hand, is far better known in history, and, like many another after-comer, reaped the greater merit due to his predecessor. Him also Saint-Simon has for ever stamped with his indelible seal, and hung in the portrait-gallery of history, to be known to all by "his terrible face, recalling the three judges of the infernal regions," and by his establishing such order in Paris, that "it did not contain a single inhabitant whose daily movements and conduct he did not know and watch . . . who was brave, bold, daring in the street-riots, and absolute master of the Paris populace." But until his secret correspondence with Pontchartrain can be made use of, it is scarcely worth while to follow D'rArgenson during the eighteen concluding years of Louis XIV.

The Tuscan Peasants and the Maremma.

THE Maremma is, in summer, the word that drives the sleep from many an Italian woman's pillow as she thinks of the perils that her husband, her brother, or her betrothed is encountering as he reaps the fertile harvest, and gains, at the risk of his life, the wages that will enable him and his to live through the winter. "A me mi pare una Maremma amara" is the burden of the song with which many a child is rocked to sleep. And with reason. The Maremma is the Littorale or shores of the Tuscan Sea; and there the coasts that bound the blue waters of the Mediterranean are lined by tangled jungles and pestilential marshes, whence at each sunset arises the baleful fever, which, passing in scorn over the ruined cities that its pernicious breath has depopulated, creeps along like the sleuth-hound until it finds the hardy mountaineer returning from his day of labour, and smites him with the wasting blight which saps his strength. Yet year after year do the sons of Italy descend with unwearied energy to these valleys and deadly plains, to reap the crops that have grown uncared for but luxuriantly, death and disease stalking behind them, and the fear of falling victims to the power of the evil air urging them to increased exertions, in order that they may earlier return and share their scanty gains with their wives and children. They march gaily too, often singing alternately in their rough monotone the songs they have composed themselves, cheerful in the consciousness that they are fulfilling a duty, and this although knowing that they have to fight a foe against whom neither courage nor energy nor strength can avail, but whose damp breath appears to draw the marrow from their bones and fill them with fever; sometimes, sending them weak and emaciated, useless as workmen, to their native homes; sometimes in a few hours laying their bodies low, to lie, far from family and friends, in unconsecrated ground.

When the Italian peasants speak of the Maremma they mean that district of Italy which runs along the shores of the Mediterranean from Monte Nebo and the mountains south of Leghorn over the flat marshes of the Tuscan shores, and the desolate promontory of Monte Cervino, as far as the sunny shores of Sorento and Amalfi. To the south of the Tuscan frontier the (to English ears) more familiar

name of Campagna is applied to the whole of that portion of the Maremna which lies within the ancient Agro Romano; still further to the south the word Maremna becomes identical with what are called the Pontine Marshes. The mountaineers of Modena, Parma, and Tuscany, call the country which they periodically visit, whether south or north, Maremna: the inhabitants frequently give it a local name. Undefined as are its boundaries, and almost unknown to geography as is its name, its characteristics are much the same throughout; every where we meet the same wide plains, tangled jungles, ruined cities, wooded hills, ever-recurring swamps and morasses; throughout the whole district the same terrible ague, the same desolating fever, the fatal influence of the malaria, rage with destructive effect. Although often characterised as a swamp or a marsh, yet the Maremna by no means consists of plains like the fens; on the contrary, there are several high mountains, which run down even into the sea: the land near the coast is, however, in general flat.

Part of the Maremna is cultivated, and produces grain; the greater portion, however, is kept for pasture. As soon as the herbage begins to fail on the mountains of Tuscany, the peasants drive their flocks down to the pastures of the Maremna. There they remain six or seven months. The women and children are left at home, and the men and boys during this time bear all the privations, hardships, and dangers. An Italian poet exclaims: "Alas, how often do they return home bowed down by fever! how often do they never return! for where they sought to earn the sustenance of their families they meet with death." While some descend with their flocks and act as shepherds, the majority are there for the purpose of cutting wood, making charcoal and potash; their last work is to reap the hay and corn, and then those who are left alive return. Part of their wages have already been sent home; the remainder they bring with them.

Half-way between Leghorn and Pisa stands the old church of St. Pier d'Arena. It is very large, and built as nearly as possible to resemble the form of a ship. In old days the sea reached this point, and the name 'Arena' points to the strand on which the church was built. Tradition states it was here St. Peter landed on his visit to Italy, and the church was built to commemorate the event.

One October, now many years ago, after a visit to this church, I met a troop of shepherds and their flocks on their march to the Maremna. The procession must have covered half a mile of ground. Never yet have I looked on a troop of these sunburnt children of the South as they were wending their way to a land whence all would

not return, without saluting them even as I would a forlorn hope advancing to attack the breach of a fortress. Soldiers of duty, "Morituros vos saluto." And higher is the courage and deeper is the love that impels these brave men, singing as they go, to encounter the fever and thirst and pestilential air of the Maremma, than that which animates many even of those soldiers who fight for God and king and fatherland.

Tears rose to the eyes of my companion as they passed. The flocks and herds marched first, all "ruddled," that is, marked with red, to show to whom they belonged. The procession was headed by the bell-wethers, with their curved horns; in close attendance upon them are tall, handsome, woolly-haired sheep-dogs, of a larger breed than ours, and with their necks defended by a collar studded with nails, the projecting points of which often turn the scale in the case of an encounter with the wolves. Nor are these the only robbers against which these vigilant watchers defend the sheep: if a human beast of prey, in shape of a thief, lies lurking in the ditches that border the roadside, watching an opportunity for seizing a lamb, they detect him and compel him to show himself. At night, too, they march round the nets that enclose the little encampment, and give the weary guardians time to sleep. Before they go to sleep, the peasants light a fire, and make cheese and ricotti (a sort of Devonshire cream), with which they repay the owner of the soil for leave to encamp on his grounds. As the milk is far more plentiful on their return in May, a spirit of natural even-handed justice makes them generally contrive, both going and returning, to halt at the same stations. A necessary member of this company is the poet, or scribe (*scrivano*). To him is intrusted the task of composing, or else of writing down and correcting, the "Respects" which each Tuscan shepherd is bound to send to his sweetheart. Collections of these rustic poems have lately been made and published. They are full of pathos and tenderness; the heart of the young exile yearns not only for his *dama* (sweetheart), but for the beauties of the country he has left behind him. Not his the harp to sing of festive banquets or goblets crowned with flowers; he loves the streams of fresh water, the flowering grass, the cultivated terraces, the pure air of his mountain home. Nature herself, and sorrow, the nurse of beauty, have breathed on him a spirit of truth and poetry as distinct from the sickly sentimentality and vice so often found in modern verse, as is the wild rider of the Arabian desert from the puny jockey who wins our handicaps. Strange indeed it would be if these poems, written in danger, absence, and exile, possessed not a fragrance all their own—one, however, that seems to escape not only in the most literal trans-

lation, but even when, under a slightly different form, they appear in the works of their more highly-educated countrymen.

Independently of the troops that march almost patriarchally with their flocks and herds, like Abraham and Jacob, peasants often go down in gangs of five or six to look for work: sometimes, though rarely, necessity compels them to take with them their wives, and if grown up, their children. In this case they almost invariably travel in one of the long, narrow, covered cars of the country. The men trudge along in groups of five or six, with their best clothes in a bundle slung to a stick, and if by any possible contrivance it can be managed, with a gun upon their shoulder; for game of all kinds, roe, deer, wild boars, porcupines, woodcock, and snipe abound. I once saw these groups arriving, one after another, at a seaport town near the Gulf of Genoa, until they reached the number of 500 or 600: these all sailed in a steamer to Corsica, to till the rich ground of that island. In a fortnight the steamer returned, and freighted itself with an equally large cargo of labourers. Many go to Sardinia, a still more unhealthy island: their chief occupation there is mostly to fell the forests which have been bought by speculators. Some find work at the Grand Ducal Ironworks at Follonica, and at the mines in the interior of the island of Elba; others help to till the Maremma, the soil of which is so fertile, that if it lies one year fallow it requires but to have the seed thrown broadcast over it in order to yield every alternate year, and without further tillage, a most magnificent crop. Others help to clear away the forest and the thicket, and prepare the ground for future years, and thus aid in the great works for reclaiming this land of jungle and fever that have been now carried on for so many years; others simply to make charcoal or potash, and to live by selling game at the neighbouring towns. To sing the songs of their native villages is their chief pleasure. In the daytime one man will begin to sing at his work, and then another catches the refrain, and begins in turn. At night, too, round the fire (which is said to scare away the fever), they sing songs and tell their old stories, and repeat their legends of saints and miracles. Thus it happens that they return to their native villages, speaking the pure Tuscan language undefiled by the patois of Corsica or the miserable jargon of the other islands.

The fever often attacks them, and they have to return home with their work half done; often a father will have to send back his son, fearful that he may die on the road, but conscious that though he seems hardly able to crawl, the lad's only chance of safety lies in his reaching the pure air of the mountains before it is too late.

If all goes well, they arrive at home by the 24th of June, the

feast of St. John. As they near their native place the more active and eager members of the different parties press on; and as soon as they are descried from the village, a group is formed to meet them and welcome them back; then too do the wives learn what their husbands have earned and whether they have had a good year.

We may fancy the inhabitants who have remained at home, assembling at the old tower that bars the entrance to the village, eagerly asking and hearing the news of the winter. "Old Giuseppe" has had a good year; Peppe da Cacciono has had a touch of the Maremma, but he got better; Renzo of Cognocco's dead, died of "la pernicioso." "Poor fellow! God rest his soul!" is the reply. "He had a bad attack last year; we never thought to see him again." And then they will visit Renzo's family and condole with them.

Not only do they bring back news to their own, but to all the villages that they pass through. Before the eve of St. John you may often, as the Abbé Tigri says, "meet a group of five or six, burnt nearly black with the sun, in their worst dress, and wearied out by the long journey. '*Ben tornati*, welcome back!' you cry. 'Do you come from far? Poor fellows, how tired you seem!' 'It is nothing now, sir,' they say, 'for we are going home; but it was a hard time this spring;' and, with that smile of singular brightness which no poverty or suffering seems able to drive from their face, they pass by."

The Maremma is more accessible now than when we last visited and travelled through it. The works that were originated and so sedulously carried on by the former government have been continued by the present, and have fertilised and rendered comparatively healthy large portions of the country which were formerly desolate and pestilential: a railroad has been made, which familiarises many a modern traveller with the country under its present aspects, but tempts him to hurry by much that is interesting and would have rewarded a longer sojourn. We may endeavour in some future number to describe the impression made upon us by this portion of Etruria, and to lead the reader

"By lordly Volaterra,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Filed by the hands of giants
For god-like kings of old;
By sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky.

By the drear bank of Ufens,
Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
And buffaloes lie wallowing
Through the hot summer day ;
By the gigantic watch-towers,
No work of earthly men,
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen,
To the Laurentian jungle,
The wild hog's reedy home."

Victor Cousin and Eclecticism in France.

V.

WHAT was Eclecticism? As we have seen, M. Cousin, who was a critic rather than a philosopher, an historian rather than a *doctrinaire*, had tried every school in succession without taking root in any. In a lecture in December 1816 he had said, "it would be an interesting and instructive study to search out the defects of the schools which exist and flourish amongst us by comparing them with one another, and to collect their different merits into the centre of a vast eclecticism which should contain and perfect them all."* The word was already known. It owed its existence to a certain Potamon, of the school of Alexandria; Plotinus, Jamblicus, Porphyry, and Proclus had been its apostles: modern eclecticism had therefore an ancestry. Moreover, it was not a new doctrine, it was a method. Its task was not to create anything whatever, but to harmonise everything. "Science exists," the *Globe* solemnly declared, "philosophy shines, in the writings of its masters. Incomplete in each of these masters taken by himself, truth is complete in all the schools taken together." Let us, then, collect them together; let us combine in one focus the diverging rays of philosophy; eclecticism will be this focus of light. What could be better? The Parisian school, independent, generous, and disinterested, was to sway from on high the disputes of systems as well as of parties. All went to give each other the kiss of peace in its temple, and M. Jouffroy already thrilled with delight. "The children," said he, "have surpassed their fathers. The hope of the days to come is in them, and the salvation of the world is in their hands. . . . A compact between all systems is preparing in silence, and it is perhaps the destiny of France to behold it signed at Paris."

But who was to draw up this compact? What mighty hand was to disengage the light from the darkness? What creative word was to speak this *flat lux*? Were all philosophies to be accepted indiscriminately on the ground of their all containing some portion of truth? But these philosophies were, for the most part, contradictory of each other; and such an eclecticism as this would

* M. Cousin, *Premiers Essais*, p. 280.

become syncretism, and this pantheon would be a *pandemonium*. On the other hand, should a choice be attempted between truth and error, as the very name of eclecticism seems to require? But who was to be the judge? What was to be the criterion between truth and falsehood?

"Devine si tu peux, et choisis si tu l'oses."

M. Cousin did venture to choose, and, as may well be believed, he did not honour Christianity with his preference. In the proposed fusion of all opinions it was not rejected. Its symbols (as its supernatural dogmas were called) were respected; "but can thought let itself be shackled by symbols?"* He repeated continually that "Christianity is the philosophy of the people," and that "philosophy, happy to see almost the whole human race in the arms of Christianity, is content to take her graciously by the hand."† He carried his indulgence so far as to allow Christianity "a superiority of reason and truth over Mahomedanism and Brahminism, which must secure its success in the conflict which it maintains against them."‡ He even did it the honour to transfigure it. The words inspiration, Trinity, creation, faith, Word, Incarnation, revelation, and God, received new meanings, intended to mystify the simple and to flatter the refined intelligence of the initiated. Still we are continually assured that "Christianity is not a perfect work." It is the wisdom of the masses, a wisdom of transition; but "the rational form of thought must necessarily be the last of all."§

It was doubtless on this ground, of presenting a more rational form of human thought, that M. Cousin was at that time so strongly attracted towards the pantheism of Hegel. An accommodating deity was, in fact, required to receive into his bosom all the contradictions of which the eclecticism of the Parisian school was composed. Such a deity was soon found. "The god of conscience," wrote M. Cousin, in a passage of his *Fragments*, which has been quoted a hundred times, "the god of conscience is not an abstract god, a solitary king relegated beyond the limits of creation, to the desert throne of a silent eternity, and of an absolute existence which resembles the very negation of existence. . . . He is a god at once infinite and finite, threefold in fact—that is to say, at once god, nature, and humanity. If God is not all, he is nothing."||

* M. Cousin, *Cours de 1828*, pp. 23, 28.

† M. Cousin, *Introd. à l'Hist. de la Philosophie*, 2^{de} leçon, p. 45.

‡ *Le Globe*, t. III. No. 50, 21 novembre 1826.

§ M. Cousin, *Cours de 1828*, p. 28.

|| *Fragments philosophiques*, préf. de la 1^{re} édit. t. I. p. 76.

At the sound of this blasphemy a cry arose from the bosom of the Church. As early as 1828 a Bishop, and an aged man, gave warning of the appearance of a new form of atheism, and of a consequent social peril.* What energy and brilliance of style, what force of logic marked the pastoral instruction of the Bishop of Chartres! With the like eloquence and power must Pantænus, Athenagoras, Origen, and Clement of Alexandria have inveighed of old against the eclectic syncretism of the Musæum! But Mgr. de Clausel was hardly heard. His voice was drowned in the tumult of applause with which the journals hailed the young religion. In the preface to the 2d edition of the *Fragments*, M. Cousin asserted that he was ill appreciated and misunderstood. He complained seriously of "the imprudent declaration of war by a mistaken zeal against reason and philosophy." Then suddenly drawing himself up with a lofty air, he haughtily declared that "it would be an intolerable anachronism to bring philosophy into subjection to theology. Philosophy was emancipated for ever."† It was at least the period of its greatest ovations. "We now resumed our course," said M. Cousin, "almost in triumph. It is not easy in our days of intellectual abasement and depression to form an idea of the noble ardour which at that time inflamed French genius in literature and art as well as in politics. Public opinion made real tribunes of the chairs of M. Guizot, and M. Villomain, and my own. Since the great days of scholasticism in the 12th and 13th centuries, there had been no instance of such audiences in the *Quartier Latin*. Two or three thousand persons of all ages and ranks thronged the great hall of the Sorbonne. This immense crowd inevitably reacted upon the professor, exciting, elevating, and hurrying on his words. Add to this, that each lecture was taken down in shorthand, was published at once, with scarcely any revision, as soon as delivered, and then circulated from one end of France to the other, and became the subject of hot contention in the public press."‡

How could the eloquence of M. Cousin have failed to inflame the youth of France? All the pride of man's heart was exalted by it. All the treasures of language were poured forth in it. M. Cousin had been surprised in the month of April 1828 by the unexpected decree which gave him back his chair. He had nothing prepared for his lectures; but it was necessary to begin, and to take immediate possession of the public admiration and the liberty afforded him. Under the somewhat vague name of *Introduction to the His-*

* Instr. pastorale dans la *Quotidienne* du 16 février 1828.

† *Fragments philosophiques*, préf. de la 2^{de} édit. t. i. p. 36.

‡ *Introd. à l'Histoire de la Philosophie*, avant-propos, p. iii. et iv.

tory of Philosophy, an open field was secured wherein to extemporise, even though he might only be able to skim the surface of each subject. The idea of philosophy, and the necessity of it, the perpetuity of philosophy, the history and general plan of philosophy, the great periods of history, the nations, the great men and the historians of humanity, the historians of philosophy,—what a fascination was there in these titles given to the thirteen lectures which filled the end of that triumphant year! We were not among their hearers; we did not feel the magnetic influence which M. Cousin exercised upon his audience. We have only seen that flaming lava extinguished, cooled, and crystallised in books. Yet it preserves there, if not the life, at least the form, of eloquence; and I can easily understand the burning enthusiasm which that course kept alive in those who heard it, and the memory of which M. Dufaure evoked, only the other day, on the grave of one of those who had composed that enthusiastic audience.*

The aged Goethe himself has been described to us as listening joyfully from the other side of the Rhine to these rumours of glory, and these far-off triumphs of philosophy and liberty. Hegel listened also. The theses which were so much applauded in the mouth of M. Cousin were simply those of the German philosopher. He asked himself how it happened that the real author was never named, and he indulged in some slightly satirical remarks on the subject. "I do not think," observes M. Lherminier, "that M. Cousin wilfully took credit to himself which was not his due; but perhaps he was carried away by his imagination, and mistook for his own conception that which he had learnt."†

This borrowed dogmatism, the secret of which was then possessed by M. Cousin alone, involved universal optimism, the absolution of history, and continual progress by all that happens. Nothing goes back, every thing advances; "therefore it is," said he, "that every thing in this world is just, and happiness and misery are rightly dispensed therein. Virtue and happiness, misery and vice are in boundless harmony on the scene of life and of history."‡ All is legitimatised by the progress which carries humanity forward on its way; all is absorbed by progress. Great men are great, because they are men of progress. Great nations are great, because they are the strongest. Accordingly, the philosopher is not afraid to eulogise war. "It is time that the philosophy of history should trample under foot the declamations of philanthropy. War is action on a

* M. Dufaure at the grave of M. Freslon.

† M. Lherminier, *Lettres philosophiques à un Berlinois*, 1833.

‡ M. Cousin, *Introd. à l'Hist. de la Philosophie*, 9^e leçon, p. 194.

large scale. All the virtue of a nation appears on the field of battle." The moralist—who will believe it?—is not afraid to proclaim the sanctity of success; and M. Cousin devotes to this absolute morality of victory a lesson which has been well remembered when it was wanted.* "An honourable sympathy attracts us to the conquered. I hope to have shown that to accuse the conqueror and to take part against victory is to take part against humanity, and against the progress of civilisation. I shall prove that the conquered deserved to be conquered; that the conqueror is better, more moral than the conquered; and that it is for this reason that he is the conqueror."† The path of progress was now traced out. The end before it was no less clearly indicated. It was freedom of thought, the dawn of which now began to rise before the sight of the philosopher. "Let us have faith in the future, and consequently let us be patient of the present . . . My firm faith is, that the philosophical spirit is destined to extend indefinitely, and that, as it is the last in the order of thought, so it will be the last in the human mind, and the culminating point in history. I perceive a progress, a considerable progress of reflection, applied to all things. Mankind has now grown to man's estate. It now sees clearly in many matters hitherto shrouded in venerable obscurity. I thank Providence for having ordained that I should be born at a period in which it is pleased gradually to raise a greater number of our fellows to the highest stage of human thought."‡

It will easily be perceived that this highest stage of human thought is eclecticism. In the conclusion of his course, M. Cousin swore fidelity to it in life and in death. "You ought to know me now; I am the same who, twelve years ago, first lisped in this chair the name of eclecticism. Now, what I desired in 1815 I desire to-day: eclecticism in the conscience, in every part of philosophy, in speculation, and in history; in the general history of humanity, and in the history of philosophy, which is its crown. Such was my aim then—such is it now; to this standard I will always remain faithful."

VI.

We had better not swear to anything. As to M. Cousin, he remained faithful to eclecticism as long as he could; for eclecticism is wide, and all opinions may dwell therein at their ease. But the time was at hand when the master was to remain almost alone in his

* M. Cousin, *Introd. à l'Histoire de la Philosophie*, 9^e leçon, p. 193.

† Ibid. 9^e leçon, p. 194.

‡ Ibid. 13^e leçon, p. 308.

school, and when his theories were to fly before the tumult of revolution. In fact, two years after this magnanimous oath the Revolution of 1830 broke out. The *Globe* had prepared the way for the victory of July. One of its editors, young George Farcy, had even lost his life in the cause. M. Cousin was no longer among those who wrote, and he had never been one of those who fight. He had declared but the other day that the charter of 1815 was the most marvellous masterpiece of eclecticism, and had pressed his friends to subscribe to the ordinances of M. de Polignac. But times had advanced; and, since every new revolution is a progress, every victory a right, was it not both justice and wisdom to hail the conqueror? M. Cousin took care not to neglect this duty; and the philosopher passed from the *salons* of the ministers of the fallen régime to the higher council of public instruction under the new, awaiting farther progress.

This sudden fortune was one of the triumphs of practical eclecticism; but it was impossible but that theoretic eclecticism should suffer from it: M. Cousin never appeared in his chair after this year. Great things were expected from the mature age of that daring and vigorous mind. Nothing but fragments appeared; fragments on Xenophanes, Zeno of Elea, Eunapius, and Abelard; fragments of philosophical criticism on Descartes, Cardinal de Retz, Pascal, Leibnitz, Malebranche; fragments of literary criticism and of criticism on art,—irreproachable in taste and finished in style. History and art already began to take precedence of philosophy. At the same time M. Cousin became a man of business, influence, and politics. He was named director of the *Ecole Normale*; and from this *canacle* for a period of more than ten years he had the absolute management of those missions of the young apostles of the new spirit to every part of France, which were to regenerate the country and to found amongst us the priesthood of the future. He was named Minister of Public Instruction; and he inaugurated the official reign of Philosophy in the persons of all the teachers of French youth, encouraging their zeal, inspiring their teaching, moderating their imprudence, and secretly covering their boldest excesses by his authority. He was named a peer of France; and from the vantage-ground of the tribune he carried on, in concert with M. Villemain, that brilliant campaign of 1844 in favour of the monopoly of university instruction, in which he displayed a zeal worthy of a better cause. The same bitter hostility against the liberal law of 1849 again appeared in the centre of the commission of which he formed a part. In these same years he tried to rekindle the spirit of eclecticism by the republication of the *Profession de foi du Vicaire Savoyard*,

and by the publication of a kind of catechism, half philosophical and half Christian, under the general title of *Livre d'Instruction Morale et Religieuse*. This was to mistake the time. Revolutions do not content themselves with these moderate doctrines. Saint-Simonianism had triumphed over his philosophy in 1830, socialism and communism in 1848. M. Cousin ought to have understood that his reign was over.

We know the happy means to which he resorted for his consolation. He had always been attracted by the dramatic grandeur of the history of the seventeenth century. The first period especially, which was characterised by strength, had attracted him by the energy of its characters, the vigour of its thought, the nobility of its language, and also, it must be said, by a certain aristocratic grace which was marvellously in harmony with the tastes of the writer. I have not undertaken to follow the historian in this second career. M. Cousin entered upon it, when the Revolution of 1852 compelled him to quit the theatre of political life, and to confine himself to a studious silence.

Now silence is one of the powers of God. Old age had come upon him, and together with the age which comes of years that age which comes from the experience of the teaching of life. M. Cousin had seen his successive systems forgotten; and his former disciples no longer remembered the creed of their master. His political preferences had also been grievously shaken by public events. He had no longer a school; he had no longer a temptation to show himself upon a theatre on which our generation hardly remembered to have seen him play a part. It depended only upon himself to return into the truth of the soul and of faith. He felt it at last. It was his misfortune and his fault that he did not make a more steady advance in that direction. He did not follow to the end the light which he saw; he placed restrictions on his sincerity, and a veil on his belief. He retracted nothing. He could not bring himself to burn what he had adored. Yet it is but just to say that he did adore many things which philosophy had formerly burnt; and his mind entered into a third phase, that of a spiritualism half Platonism and half Christianity, which was his last.

"Eclecticism is dear to us," he said in his later years; "but the focus of light is elsewhere. . . . Our true doctrine, our true standard, is spiritualism."

And further on he defined it. "It is rightly called spiritualism, because its characteristic is to subjugate the senses to the spirit, and to tend by every means which reason recognises to elevate and develop the character of man. It teaches the spirituality of the soul,

the liberty and responsibility of human actions, moral obligation, disinterested virtue, the dignity of justice, the beauty of charity, and beyond the limits of this world it points to a God, the Author and type of humanity, Who, having evidently made it for an excellent end, will not abandon it in the mysterious development of its destiny."^{*}

It was to this belief that the former patron of eclecticism in fact finally returned. But we should be mistaken were we to believe that this change was effected directly and immediately. Direct roads were not to the taste of M. Cousin. He returned to truth, as it is said that Mussulmans approach the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca, taking three steps forward and then two steps backward. Thus he approached, but he never arrived at, truth. One of his passions was to revert continually to his previous works. But if he perceived that one of his former doctrines was not in harmony with his present faith, he did not retract it, he only disguised it; he altered the sense by suppressing a word; he removed the poison, or more often he left it entire, and gave a new statement of his present belief in a second preface which excused the book when it did not contradict it.[†]

For instance, he had explicitly taught pantheism in more than twenty places. In the second edition of his *Fragments Philosophiques* he first excuses himself, and then seeks to mystify the reader by explanations more remarkable for ability than for sincerity. In 1828 God is still in the clouds. It is only in the fourth edition of the course, published in the year 1861, that truth appears—not in his lectures, which he still obstinately defends, but in the introduction, where he says plainly, "We must choose between a first Being devoid of intelligence, if devoid of personality and consciousness, which is the common atheism, and a first Being truly intelligent, who has a knowledge of Himself as well as of man and the universe, and presides over the destiny of His own work. This is theism properly so called. It is the permanent foundation of all our writings, the soul of our philosophy. He who professes it is with us; he who departs from it is against us, even though he may once have been among our hearers, and though he be dear to us on many other accounts. Spiritualism is but a word unless it issues in a theism plainly declared and solidly established."[‡]

Such, then, was his course. The immortality of the soul, which in his first teaching and his early works had been shrouded under

^{*} *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*, introd. p. 4.

[†] M. Taine himself has noticed these passages in his *Philosophes Français*.

[‡] *Introd. à l'Histoire de la Philosophie*, avant-propos, p. 9.

the same sort of veil succeeded, in like manner, at last, in laying it slowly aside and rising steadily towards the hope of heaven. But how long a time was needed for this development! and how long, uncertain, and stormy was this course!

VII.

He reached the goal at last. In the first years of his professorship M. Cousin had given some remarkable lectures on *The True, the Beautiful, and the Good*. The title itself was an ocean. M. Cousin, however, shrank not from its extent. On the contrary, its immensity fitted it, in his opinion, to embrace the combined reflections of his whole life on the principal questions of philosophy, æsthetics, and morals. He did his work *con amore*; he deposited in it the flower of his convictions on all subjects; and gave it to the public as the last expression and authentic testament of his philosophy.

This book will always remain his greatest work. "How many admirable pages were written, I remember," records his secretary, "in the beautiful spring evenings, under the majestic trees of St. Cloud and Sèvres, beneath the rays of the setting sun! I still behold that flashing eye, I hear that thrilling voice, those impassioned accents. What need had he of a chair or an audience? Nature was his theatre, and a single auditor sufficed to excite the professor's enthusiasm. It was Socrates soliloquising in one of those moments of enthusiasm which Alcibiades describes in the *Banquet of Plato*."*

Even if M. Janet had not told us so, we should feel that this is the favourite work, that, as St. Augustine said of one of his books, it was the *child of his heart*. It is there, according to another expression of his disciple Farcy, that M. Cousin has left the statue of his genius and the marble of his soul. Is it not manifest at once? He was a philosopher, an artist, and an orator, and he takes for his theme the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. Is not the whole man there? And moreover, he gives us his own measure. It is the second part, the Beautiful, which exceeds and overpowers the other two, because M. Cousin was preëminently a poet, and his whole nature inclined to that side. What wonderful things, for example, he says upon music, of which throughout his life he was remarkably fond! What luminous revelations upon French art and the great paintings of the seventeenth century! What he writes of Lesueur is a triumphant chant, but spoken under his breath with reverence equal to his admiration for one whose modesty was equal to his

* M. Janet, *Victor Cousin* (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1^{re} février 1867, p. 743).

greatness, and who concealed his genius in the shade of the cloister, as his statue still hides itself under the overshadowing trees of the Luxembourg.

But it is in the first and last part that the belief of the author took its definitive form. God is free and personal. Creation is the work of His infinite goodness; but it manifests and does not exhaust it, and, according to the Divine teaching, "God so loved men that He gave them His only Son." Our soul is insatiable, because it is infinite. Every other love but that of the Eternal Beauty soon beholds the charm broken, and the chimera by which it had been enchanted dispelled. There is but one only Being Who deserves to be loved, and Who can be loved without illusion and without disappointment, without limit and without regret; even the perfect Being Who can fill all the capacity of the heart. (5th Lecture, p. 112.) Let us then have confidence in Him—in death as in life the soul is sure to find God, with Whom all is just, with Whom all is well. Let her adore that God, let her fear Him, let her love Him. Here the dominion of philosophy ends; but religion appears, and philosophy greets religion. "What," asks the philosopher, "would have been the joy of Socrates and Plato if they had found mankind in the arms of Christianity!" The whole of this beautiful passage is well known. Elsewhere he had said: "The most perfect abstract of all that is best in the *Phædo* and the *Timæus*, in the *Meditations*, in the *Knowledge of God and Ourselves*, and in the most beautiful chapters of the *Criticism of Practical Reason*, is to be found entire in the first pages of Bossuet's *Catechism*; and this catechism is the nourishment of the poor of spirit, the child, the woman, the shepherd, and the artisan; while the *Knowledge of God and Ourselves*, the *Meditations*, the *Phædo*, and the *Timæus*, and, above all, the *Criticism of Practical Reason*, are addressed to a very few individuals of the human race."*

Are we to conclude from all this that the former philosophical teacher had become a Christian? Many believed it. He was seen, as he advanced in age, to show a preference for the society of Christians and for religious conversation. He detested atheism, he inveighed against materialism, and the inundation of the positivist theories was especially hateful to him. In the Academy he voted energetically against the enemies of God, as he boldly raised his voice in conversation against the enemies of the Pope and the Papacy. He had loved, followed, and regretted the Abbé H. Perreyve. P. Félix received his congratulations; and P. Hyacinthe saw him under

* 16^e leçon, p. 410.

his pulpit, seeking and applauding in his conferences at Notre Dame the fruits of mature eloquence of which his uncle Ch. Loyson had given but the promise at the Ecole Normale. The party of free thought already dreaded his apostasy; and M. Taine, with his usual insolence, already declared that the philosopher was about to be shipwrecked in a holy-water stoup.

Was he not at least about to baptise his philosophy, and cause it thus to be regenerated to eternal life? Having always admired the Gospel, had he at last come to adore it? Had the worship of the artist prepared the way for the worship of the believer? In his enthusiasm for the moral beauty of Christianity, had he recognised its doctrinal truth? Did the Church, which in his eyes was the mother of men and the nurse of the human race, now appear to him as the daughter of God? He had proclaimed her queen of the past; did he not begin to see that she was also to be the queen of the future? Did he not seek more and more earnestly to ally philosophy with religion? and was it not from his heart as well as his pen that those remarkable words flowed forth? "Young men, listen not to those superficial minds who give themselves out as profound thinkers, because, like Voltaire, they have discovered difficulties in Christianity. Measure your progress in philosophy by the growth of the tender veneration which you feel for the religion of the Gospel."

Amidst this progress of the mind, the heart was touched by some mysterious grace from on high. There was one last testimony of penitence and acknowledgment of error, one evidence of practical Christianity which he seemed on the very point of laying at the feet of Jesus Christ. He did not imagine that a man could die in peace without the assistance and absolution of the Church, and counted those deaths only to be happy which were thus consecrated by religion. He was heard to say that some country priest would perhaps receive his last confession. It was known that he had once more found his way to church, and the whole attitude and bearing of the old man when there bespoke reverence and adoration. Why should not these public testimonies of Christianity have been sincere? To say nothing of those mysterious but irresistible voices which are heard more distinctly as the tumult of the day passes away and the tranquil evening of life draws on, it cannot have been without fruit that for twenty years he had steeped his heart and mind in the history of a century full of great errors but of noble penance, and in which everything that was great, illustrious, brilliant, and mighty found its home at the foot of the Cross and in the arms of God.

Was it not thus that M. Cousin would have wished to die? We believe it; and if we would hear his last word, we must seek it in

his touching farewell to the noble souls of the age which he loved : "Countrywomen and contemporaries of Descartes, Corneille, Pascal, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Condé; Anne de Bourbon, Marie de Rohan, Marie de Hautefort, Marthe de Vigueau, Louise Angélique de la Fayette, and Sœur Sainte Euphémie,—souls mighty in your tenderness, who, after having shone so brilliantly, immured yourselves in obscurity and silence, give me something of your courage; teach me, like you, to smile at solitude, old age, sickness, and death.

"Disciples of Jesus Christ, repeat to me, in the words of the Gospel and of philosophy, the words of His sublime Precursor, that it is time to renounce all that passes away, and that my only thought hereafter must be of some useful labour, of duty, and of God."

Portugal under Don Miguel.

EVERY one who is at all acquainted with Modern History, and to whom all that intervenes between the Cæsars and George the Fourth is not, as to many, a blank, knows something of the wholesale incarceration and expulsion of the Jesuits by the Marquis de Pombal. But the curious episode of the temporary reintroduction of the Society into Portugal in 1829, and the wonderful way in which the Fathers who then came to labour again on the scene of their predecessors' sufferings were made to haunt the traces, to minister to the remains, and to be ministered to by the descendants, of the greatest and most successful enemy of their institute, are probably known to few. A volume of private correspondence* has lately appeared at Paris which gives a very complete and authentic account of this mission, and of the state of things in Portugal as far as they fell under the Fathers' observation up to the time when English "non-intervention" in the persons of Napier and his followers enabled Don Pedro to expel them once more. The bulk of the volume consists of a series of private letters to his Provincial in France from Père Joseph Delvaux, who was summoned from the college at Aix, of which he had been Rector, to conduct a small band of Fathers to Lisbon and to act as Superior to them, as well as to those who were afterwards sent to join them. The writer was a man of singular simplicity and humility; and he writes as a child to a revered and beloved father, giving him a faithful account of his own proceedings, and opening his whole heart to him. It is almost painful to see all this in a printed book exposed for sale the year after the writer's death. The book, however, is not intended for general circulation, and only a very limited number of copies have been issued, chiefly for the use of the friends of P. Delvaux and of the members of his Order. He himself had kept no copies of his letters, and believed that they had long ago been destroyed. The Father who edits them has been engaged for some time on a series of *Documents inédits*, to which the present volume is an important contribution; and it is in order to secure its perfect value as an authentic historical document, that he has printed every

* *Lettres inédites du R. P. Joseph Delvaux, &c.* Publiées par le P. Auguste Carayon, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris, 1866.

letter entire without the omissions and corrections which he would otherwise have made.

Except for those who number it among their first principles or axiomatic intuitions that every Jesuit is an impostor or a partisan, these letters carry with them the evidence of simplicity and sincerity. The chief points on which they throw light are the character of Don Miguel and the causes of his failure, and the state of religion and education in Portugal during his reign. A heathen thought that the most noble spectacle for the gods was that of a virtuous man battling unsuccessfully with destiny. And this is the sort of picture which this chapter of history presents. Even if we did not know the result beforehand, we should still have a presentiment that the pious monarch, notwithstanding the loyal attachment of the majority of his subjects, was foredoomed, that his efforts to secure instruction for his people would only accelerate his own fall, and that those whom he had invited to carry on the work would share his fate.

The testimony which these letters bear to Don Miguel's piety is uniform and emphatic; but, of course, it will avail but little during the present century to undo the effects of what the writer calls "the deluge of infernal ink" which the pseudo-liberals so assiduously directed against him. In a future generation, if the world lasts long enough, some pains-taking German will arise to rehabilitate his character, and then this correspondence may be found useful. The Freemasons and Voltairians had been in possession of the Universities and, in great measure, of the press in Portugal for seventy years, and they instinctively saw in this prince an enemy whom they could not hope to seduce or cajole, and whom it only remained to overwhelm with calumny, and to overthrow by treachery and force. At the moment of his birth his mother Donna Carletta entreated that he should be named after the titular archangel of Portugal, and on objections being made to it by the king, she got him to agree to decide the matter by drawing lots. The name of *Miguel* was drawn three times successively, and she obtained her desire. While still an infant, the prince showed a special devotion to St. Michael and to our Blessed Lady, and especially to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. When a number of pictures were offered him together, he always chose those which represented her in relation to this mystery. The piety of his youth and manhood was the development of that of his childhood, and was accompanied by its proper fruit, an irreproachable purity of life, and an ardent desire to improve the condition of his country, so long the victim of an infidel propaganda. He never passed a day without praying before a statue of his Patron Angel, and he chose the 29th of September for important operations like the

assault on Oporto when held by the rebels. He animated his troops in the famous expedition of Villa Franca by a fervent discourse on the confidence to be placed in our Blessed Lady, and by distributing to them with his own hands an engraving representing the Sacred Heart opened and showing within a miraculous image of the Immaculate Conception.

The discovery of this image the year before had been looked upon by the devout as an intervention of our Lady on his side: and it seems certain that the tide of affairs turned in his favour from that time. On the last day of May 1822, while the first insurrection was triumphant, a peasant boy of Camaxida, a village near Lisbon, was engaged with some companions in the pursuit of a rabbit. The animal escaped into a hole, and they began to try to dig it out; but, in the midst of their operations, the bell rang for Mass, and although it was not a day of obligation, they would not miss it; so they stopped up and marked the hole, and waited until they had heard Mass to renew their efforts. A vigorous blow from Nicholas, their leader, dislodged a rock, which rolled before him into a cavern large enough to hold fifty or sixty men. In a niche in this cavern a small statue of baked clay representing the Immaculate Conception was discovered; and the boys suspended only—for they caught the rabbit after all—their hunt, to kneel and honour their Mother. The image must have lain hid there for centuries, probably from the first invasion of the Moors. Multitudes of sick persons were brought to the cave and instantaneously cured; a chapel was quickly extemporised and an altar raised; and the Constitutionalists began to be seriously alarmed, and tried in vain to stop the miracles and the concourse of people. Amongst other expedients, they removed the image to the cathedral at Lisbon; but the sick persisted in coming to pray before it and perversely going away quite cured, and the offerings of those so cured amounted in a few years to a sum sufficient to build a magnificent church at Camaxida. On the first anniversary of the discovery Don Miguel triumphed; and one of his first acts on entering Lisbon was naturally enough to go and kneel before *Our Lady of the Rock*, as the statuette was called. He had lately experienced the power of our Lady's intercession, having been almost lost within sight of the port in a violent storm, in which ten vessels of his squadron went down before his eyes, but which suddenly abated when all on board joined at his instigation in a vow to the Mother of God. When he had pronounced it, he was heard to add the remarkable words: "Lord, if I am not to make Portugal happy, I am in Thy hands, I do not ask to live; if, on the other hand, Thou hast appointed me to reëstablish peace, then, Lord, deliver me."

When it was supposed that some gold and silver mines had been discovered in Portugal, and some portions of the ores were sent to him, he devoted all the gold to a sword for St. Michael, and the silver to candlesticks for *Our Lady of the Rock*. His recollection and devotion during functions and before the Blessed Sacrament are frequently described as quite striking, and such as to put to shame many priests and religious. He and the rest of the royal family were accustomed to come to church without attendants, and generally on foot, and on coming out he mixed freely with the crowd, and allowed any one who chose to kiss his hand and enter into conversation with him. He was fond of the devotion of the *Stations*, and knelt on the ground before each. He assisted, always on foot, at the processions of *Corpus Christi*, and several times held one of the poles of the canopy the whole time. When the college at Coimbra was turned into a hospital, he visited the sick and wounded soldiers himself. When news were brought to the palace of an engagement in which he had not been present himself, he made all his family go into the chapel at once to pray with him for the killed on both sides. A Canon of the Chapel Royal who had once reproved him with very great severity, when he was only seven years old and was at play in an adjoining court, for making too much noise and disturbing the Canons at their Office, was selected by him for his own confessor as soon as he became king. It is positively asserted that his personal purity was unblemished, and that his court was a model of modesty and decorum. It seems equally certain that he was universally beloved by all except the irreligious party—very numerous, unfortunately, and most active—although by no means the majority—among his subjects. There was a general persuasion that the prophecies about the reappearance of the famous Don Sebastian were being fulfilled in his reign. Whenever he appeared, he was affectionately greeted, and on occasions of special solemnity the acclamations generally took the same form. “*Vive our holy, Catholic, apostolic, Roman religion, viva! Vive our Lord Don Miguel, our beloved monarch, viva!*”

Very touching pictures are given of the faith and piety of the common people, notwithstanding their deplorably neglected condition, and of their thirst for instruction and gratitude to those who laboured amongst them. For many years, preaching, except on a few great festivals, and every thing of the nature of public catechetical instruction, had been in abeyance; except during the *Forty Hours*, which were always unintermittingly attended, Exposition and Benediction were unheard of; Holy Communion was not often received more than once a year; Confirmation was so seldom given that many

had forgotten that it is one of the Sacraments; and, as it was the custom for every one who could manage it to have an oratory and hear Mass at home, a well-filled church was a spectacle never seen. But as soon as the new-comers began to give Missions, the church was filled two hours before the service began, and the congregation remained standing or kneeling—for seats were an innovation which the Portuguese mind steadily rejected—for four or five hours together; the confessionals were besieged throughout the day, and many came at three in the morning and remained waiting for their turn till three in the afternoon; general confessions of forty or fifty years, first communions, and confirmations, were reckoned by thousands; and the missionaries were all half-dead with exhaustion. On their first public mission, for the opportunity of which they were indebted to the Papal Nuncio, whose church was subject to no jurisdiction but that of the Pope, and who was bold enough to try the experiment in opposition to universal timidity and to objections from every quarter, the vast building was crammed to the very ceiling and the outer yard filled as well. At a mission given at Camaxida, at the close of which the famous image was sent by the king to be exposed for four days in its former resting-place, 8000 persons filled the valley in front of the rock, and most of them escorted the image back to the city, where every house on the line of the procession was hung with tapestry, every window and balcony crowded, all the troops presented arms, all the bells were ringing, and all available bands of music playing, and the enthusiasm was such as no one remembered to have witnessed. When, at last, the object for which the Fathers had been—prematurely as it turned out—invited into Portugal, seemed about to be accomplished, and some of them were sent to Coimbra to take charge of their old college there, their entry was a triumphal procession, and their reception a perfect *furor*. Before they were within a league of the city the crowd of persons of all ranks kneeling for their blessing, waving branches of laurel, rending the air with *vivas*, and weeping for joy, was so great that their carriages could not proceed, and they could only very slowly make their way under triumphal arches and through festooned and illuminated streets to the Archbishop's palace.

It was not, however, without good reason that their Father-General, in reply to their account of these events, put them in mind of how soon "*Benedictus qui venit*" was followed by "*Crucify Him.*" The friends of order and religion in Portugal had but a brief success; their general timidity and indecision were sure presages of their fall. With the exception of a few heroic souls like the Duke of Cadaval, the king's cousin and prime minister, whose motto, when things

seemed desperate, was, "So much the better; a cause which is so righteous and is the cause of God Himself must triumph by His help alone," and his brother the Duke of Lafoens, who engraved on his sword-hilt the words, "I will always be faithful to Don Miguel, and I will never rest till I have put down impiety," the king had few courageous advisers. With England and France all but openly hostile, English and French mercenaries and adventurers forming into bands of filibusters, and the resident merchants incessantly plotting the overthrow of the throne; with thousands of freemasons actively at work, and instances of treachery frequent enough to make it doubtful whom it was safe to trust—this timidity was natural and excusable enough. But it had the effect of tying the hands of the men whom the king had called into Portugal to revive the faith and devotion of his people.

The letters of P. Delvaux are full of sighs over the loss of time and of charitable excuses for the king for not keeping his promises. It was in August 1828 that the Marquis of Saraiva first applied to the French Provincial for a body of religious; on the 3d of January 1829 he wrote officially to make a formal demand for them. The first party, with P. Delvaux at their head, reached Madrid on the 1st of April, but had so little encouragement to proceed that they did not arrive in Lisbon before the 13th of August. When there, they obtained for a long time so little beyond kind words and promises that they were seriously thinking of returning. For more than two months the Fathers of St. Vincent of Paul sheltered and fed them; then they were offered the loan of a country house of the Duke of Lafoens in the suburbs, whither they removed with five francs in their possession and an offer from a baker to supply them with bread on credit for three days; and it was not till December 27, 1830, that they were installed in a house of their own. "At last," writes P. Delvaux in glee, "we are going into a religious house, and a house that if it had not been offered us, we might have well asked for on our knees. It is small, it is old, it is in an unfashionable and populous quarter; just suited to us in all these respects. It is only lent us, as becomes men who have been on the move for more than two years, and are beginning to feel the taste of holy poverty. Lastly, merit of merits in our eyes, it formerly belonged to our Fathers; it was their first house in Lisbon; the first college of the Society in Portugal and almost the first altogether, and the first of our possessions recorded in our annals. You will find it under the name of *St. Antony's the little* or *St. Antony's the old* in our history. Simon Rodriguez was the first Rector, and after him the Blessed Martyr Ignatius of Azevedo; Fr. Alvares taught in it; Fr. Louis Gonsalva and all

our first Fathers died in it. Judge whether our hearts did not bound with joy at seeing ourselves brought by Providence into this house, the cradle of a whole fervent province, and which sent forth so many missionaries to the Indies. Although it was not yet bought when St. F. Xavier embarked, we are assured that he often went to it to pray in a chapel in the garden. The chapel afterwards bore his name, and we shall do our best to restore it, and dedicate it to him." But even when the Fathers were at last housed, the special business of education for which they had been summoned was not intrusted to them, and the decree of July the 10th, 1829, for which they had waited at Madrid, was not promulgated, so that the old decrees making it a capital offence to procure their recall continued unrepealed. It was not till August 30, 1832, four years after the beginning of negotiations for their recall, that a decree really intended for publication was drawn up in very moderate terms. In 1829 the Marquis of Saraiva, who was Secretary of Legation in London, had written to say that as the *Catholic Emancipation Bill* had received the Royal assent, the English Government would make no objection to the recall of the Jesuits to Portugal; but he found afterwards that he was mistaken, and these long delays were in great measure owing to remonstrances from England. It is no wonder that P. Delvaux under all these delays repeats again and again that the *Mystery of the Expectation* is given him to study; that court affairs move slowly; and that in Portugal, above all nations in the world, people think a good deal before they act. "Our Portuguese battalions do not manœuvre with the agility of French *Voltigeurs*: I have told you so before. Here, when any one says, *logo*, 'immediately,' it means, 'in the course of the year;' or *amanhan*, 'to-morrow,' it means, 'in four or five years.'" "We were told for our consolation of a bishop who waited six months for his first audience. A good priest stopped me the other day in the street to compliment and congratulate me a thousand times, and I asked him, as is usual, who he was and where he came from. He told me that he did not live in Lisbon, but that he had been five years in it on a matter of business. 'At last, I suppose,' said I, 'that it is ending and you are about to depart.' 'O no,' he replied without seeming annoyed, 'no, I have not begun yet.' A still more notable instance is that of a holy priest from Tong-kin, a pupil and former catechist of the Jesuits, who has been here waiting thirty years to obtain a bishop for his country."

The Revolutionary party were proceeding at a very different pace, and the Fathers had hardly got things in train at their College in Coimbra before the old scenes of violence were renewed at Lisbon. On the 23d of July 1833 the Duke of Cadaval with most of the re-

spectable inhabitants of Lisbon retired from the city, and the next day the English and French merchants opened all the prisons and gave arms to the prisoners, and Donna Maria da Gloria was proclaimed. The house of the Jesuits was broken into, and their lives were only saved by the intrepidity and dexterity of Mr. Yvers, who carried them off in disguise to his own house and that of the Nuncio, and managed to ship off some for England, and the others with the Nuncio for Italy. An agent of Don Pedro had several months before endeavoured to induce them to intrigue in his behalf, and now he appeared again with written credentials from his master, and offered P. Delvaux the Archbishopric of Braga, the post of Confessor to the new queen, and a large sum of money, on condition of his going to Coimbra to exert himself there to shake the fidelity of the people to Don Miguel. His report of the prompt rejection of his offers seems to have still more irritated Don Pedro, who entered Lisbon on the 28th, and the next day issued an edict banishing all Jesuits, and sent soldiers to seize all their property and imprison all whom they could find in their house. The Fathers were already safe; but a postulant who was found there was hurried off to prison. The same day he signed a notice to Cardinal Justiniani the Papal Nuncio to quit Lisbon in three days, and ordered the Oratorians, who for many years and under different governments had occupied a house on part of the royal domain, to quit their abode in twenty-four hours. On the 31st he appointed a commission composed of partisans of liberalism "for the reform of the clergy;" and on August the 1st he decreed the confiscation of a considerable part of the revenues of religious houses. All the time the armed prisoners were committing all sorts of atrocities in the city. Palmella and Villafior, who had promised the Jesuits protection, threw the blame of these measures on Don Pedro and the ministers whom he had brought from Oporto. The other Jesuits continued quietly at work at Coimbra until the following May. When Villafior and his army entered on Ascension Day, May 31st, their church was crowded as usual, and hardly a dozen persons went to welcome the conquerors. Even then they continued to hold their classes and to preach and hear confessions every day until an order for their arrest arrived from Don Pedro. The day after Corpus Christi, which they celebrated as usual, they left the town, which they had entered so joyously two years before, amidst an universal demonstration of profound grief almost as striking; and went to occupy a chamber in the prison of Fort St. Julian over the dungeon in which their predecessors had been slowly tortured to death, until the government was induced by foreign ministers to let them embark for Genoa.

There had been in all twenty-one Fathers and six lay-brothers: they left behind them the bodies of two Fathers who had sunk under over-fatigue while attending the multitudes who died of cholera and typhus in Coimbra; and they carried with them three novices who insisted on accompanying them. "You may imagine," is one of their last remarks, "how heart-breaking it is to leave so noble a people. They ask only for one thing, to save their souls; and too often they can find no one to teach them how to do it. A good and zealous priest, even without learning, would do more good in Portugal than a doctor in France. Alas! in what a state we leave them."

The most remarkable incident related in the volume is the unexpected introduction of P. Delvaux to the remains of Pombal's corpse. The Fathers had been from the first strangely confronted with memories of him. The first lady to whom they spoke in Lisbon and one of their first visitors was his grand-daughter, Donna da Almeida, who declared that she would be delighted if her seven sons should all join the Society. Another grand-daughter, the Countess d' Oliveira, was one of their chief benefactors, and her four sons were the first pupils offered them. The grandson of Pombal, the then Marquis, was also their friend and invited them to his palace, where after passing through saloons painted with representations of Pombal's victory over the Jesuits, they found in the chapel the splendid reliquaries containing reliques of St. Ignatius and St. F. Xavier, which had never been removed from the day when Pombal himself, during the time that he favoured the Society, had placed them there. Still more curious was the fact that, without any intention or knowledge on their part, all the various missions which they had been giving, when they made excursions for the purpose from Lisbon, had been confined to the domains of the great Marquis. The first parish in the diocese of Coimbra on the road from Lisbon is Pombal itself, so that it was in Pombal's own village that the triumphal procession, to which we referred above, began. The church prepared for the Fathers' Mass was magnificently decorated and illuminated, and they were conducted thither in great state. But while two said Mass there, P. Delvaux with the third Father ran to the Franciscan church to pray over the tomb of the oppressor; but they found to their amazement that he had never been buried. The Marquis de Ponte de Lima, whose father had been imprisoned and refused burial by Pombal, being in power when Pombal fell into disgrace, had revenged himself by preventing his corpse from being taken to the family tomb, and it had been sheltered in the Franciscan church, and then strangely left there. "We found," writes P. Delvaux,

"not far from the High Altar, a coffin covered with a wretched pall, which the Father-Guardian said was Pombal's. There he had been waiting in vain for funeral honours from May 8, 1782, a fact hardly conceivable, considering the credit which his numerous descendants have always possessed in the kingdom. His remains were desecrated first by his retainers, who appropriated the costly ornaments with which they were covered, and then by the French in the time of the invasion, who scattered his bones and dust over the pavement. It is said that they burnt them; and this is likely enough from the state in which they left the church and convent. The Father-Guardian told us, however, that when the friars returned to the convent, they collected the miserable remains and replaced them in this coffin. . . . It is the simple truth, then, that the first act of the Society, on its solemn return to Coimbra, after more than half a century of proscription, was to celebrate an anniversary Mass, and that, *præsentî corpore*, for the repose of the soul of the man that had proscribed them, in the place where he passed the last years of his life in disgrace and exile, and under sentence of death. What a concurrence of circumstances was necessary to bring about such an event! I quitted Pombal, hardly knowing whether it was a dream or a reality."

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Our Library Table.

1. ST. CLEMENT'S Epistles on Virginity.
2. Sermons of ST. THOMAS of Villanova.
3. ARCHBISHOP MANNING on England and Christendom.
4. Dr. TRENCH'S Studies in the Gospels.
5. Le Blocus.
6. A French Protestant at the Gallies.
7. Martyr d'un Secret.
8. New Poetry.

1. In the middle of the last century two Epistles, or encyclical letters to virgins, or ascetics of either sex, were discovered by Wetstein, then residing at Amsterdam, in one of two Syriac manuscripts presented to him by Sir James Porter, British Ambassador at Constantinople. The volume in question contained, with the Acts of the Apostles, the Pauline and Catholic Epistles, two circular letters to virgins ascribed to St. Clement of Rome, with a few fragments of an exegetical essay. Wetstein first published them in his edition of the Bible, and undertook to prove that they were genuine. His assertion was, however, impugned by Hermann Venema (*Epistola ad P. Wesseling, qua duas Clementis Epistolas a Wetstein nuper editas Epiphania et Hieronymo notas fuisse in dubium vocatur*. Harlingæ, 1754) and Lardner (*A Dissertation on the two Epistles ascribed to Clement of Rome*. London, 1753). The authorities on whom Wetstein mainly relied were St. Epiphanius and St. Jerome. The former, while impugning the authenticity of the *Recognitions* falsely ascribed to St. Clement, reproaches the Ebionites with having interpolated the work, to gain countenance for their errors, "as in truth," says he, "is shown by Clement himself, in the encyclical letters written by him, which are read in the holy churches, wherein he sets forth a faith and teaching wholly opposed to that which these heretics would fain father upon him in the spurious writings they circulate under his name. For he inculcates virginity, which they reject. He eulogises Elias, David, Samson, and all the Prophets, while these abhor them" (*Hæres.* 30, § 15). We may gather hence that St. Epiphanius had read two Epistles of St. Clement, or, at least, more than one, which commended the virginal state, and contained the praises of Elias, David, Samson, and of *all* the Prophets. The Epistles under consideration tally in every point with this description of their subject-matter. Venema attempted to elude this inference by referring the

passage to the Epistles to the Corinthians. But the early Church was very particular to allow none but genuine productions to be read in the sacred assemblies. The Second Epistle to the Corinthians was rejected as spurious, as Eusebius and Jerome (Euseb. *H. Eccl.* iv. 23; Hieronym. *De Viris Illustribus*, cap. 15) bear witness; and Photius (*Bibliothec. Cod.*, 113) brands it as *vôdos*, 'spurious.' We have further the testimony of St. Jerome, extracted from his book against Jovinian, who, among other errors, denied the superiority of the virginal over the married state. "To such as these," says the holy doctor (*Advers. Jovin.*, lib. i. cap. 12), "to such as these (viz. 'eunuchs who had made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake'), Clement, the successor of the Apostle Peter, whom Paul mentions (Philip. iv. 3), wrote letters which treat almost exclusively of virginal purity." As a further proof that neither of these Fathers could, in these passages above quoted, have had the genuine and spurious Epistles to the Corinthians in view, we may observe that Grabe's extracts (*Spicileg. Patrum*, tom. i. p. 263), collected with a view to support Venema's thesis (de Ep. I. ad Corinth., cap. 21, 30, 35, 38, 48; de Ep. II., cap. 8, 9, 12), are either not to the point, or, with the single exception of a passing allusion (Ep. I., cap. 38), apply as well to conjugal as to virginal purity. Epiphanius speaks, moreover, of the encomia of Elias, David, Samson, and of all the Prophets. Wetstein observes that he has sought in vain for their praises in the Epistles to the Corinthians. Samson is not mentioned even once; and the passage quoted by Venema (Ep. I., cap. 17) recites the names but of Elias, Eliseus, and Ezechiel, the Prophets, without any allusion to the others, and calls upon the Corinthians to consider their penitential lives. It is quite true that in his earlier work (*De Viris Illustr.*) St. Jerome refers only to the Epistle to the Corinthians. But the argument based on this admission is at best only negative, and, as Gallandi (*Biblioth. Vet. Patrum*, tom. i., Prolegomena, cap. 23) remarks, would be fatal to the claims of many other works which are universally regarded as authentic. All that may be inferred is, that St. Jerome became acquainted with the Epistles to Virgins at a later period. The remaining objections which have been made to do duty in this controversy are too futile for further detail. Those who may be curious in such matters will find them fully stated, and as fully confuted, in Professor Beelen's recent edition of these Epistles* (*Proleg.*, § 2). The reasons alleged by Mansi (*Concilia*, tom. i.) for doubting these Epistles to be genuine are evidently borrowed from Venema, and are so feebly handled as to detract greatly from the weight of his suffrage. The gainsayers of a later date have merely repeated their predecessors. The editors of the *Journal of Sacred Literature* (October 1856), while differing from our conclusions, admit that the question as to the authorship of these Epistles is by no means settled, that it is by no means impossible that the first Epistle may have been

* *Sti. Pis. Nî. Clementis Romani Epistolæ Binæ de Virginitate*; a Joanne Theodoro Beelen, S.T.D., editæ. Lovanii, 1856.

written by St. Clement. We may add, with Neander (*Ecclesiastical History*, tom. ii. § 4), that "the praise bestowed in these writings on the unmarried state is by no means sufficient to prove that Clement was not their author, this high estimation of celibacy having been common at a very early period."

The intrinsic evidence for the genuineness of these writings is thus briefly set forth. The numerous Hellenisms wherewith they abound plainly show that the Syriac text is but the translation of a Greek original; and besides, the Scripture texts are not so often quoted from the Peshito version as translated from the Greek. The sequence of ideas, the style of instruction and exhortation, the frequent recourse to the Divine Scriptures, the mode of applying the texts and examples drawn therefrom to the subject in hand, point to the acknowledged writer of the Epistle to the Corinthians as the author of these circulars.

The main scope of these Epistles, the commendation of virginity, is as ancient as the Catholic Church, whose rapid development rendered it imperative that an early and authoritative direction should be given to the tendency, at that time so wide-spread, to choose the higher paths of Christian life. In the third section of his Prolegomena Dr. Beelen enters into details concerning the several editions and translations of these Epistles. His edition is divided into two parts. In Part I. he has presented to his readers the text of the Syriac MS. published by Wetstein, which is now in the Library of the Arminian Theological College at Amsterdam. This is accompanied by a Latin version, which the learned editor has made as literal as possible; he has, moreover, added copious annotations to elucidate the divers Scriptural allusions, or some obscurities of expression which occur here and there. Part II. comprises the Syriac text, but with the vowel and diacritic points, which had been for the most part omitted in the preceding part, on account of the professor's scrupulous adherence to his plan of giving an exact copy of Wetstein's manuscript. The notes here are mostly philological. This is followed by Wetstein's Latin version, side by side with which is placed a German translation, made on a Syriac text, by Dom Pius Zingerle, O.S.B. (Vienna, 1827.)

The first Epistle is divided into thirteen paragraphs. It opens with a greeting to ascetics of either sex "who have devoted themselves to the preservation of their virginity for the kingdom of heaven's sake." He warns these ascetics that this profession binds them to fit themselves for heaven by a life at once blameless and fruitful in works proceeding from a deep-seated and energetic faith; for as the name of "faithful" avails not the ordinary Christian unless he manifest his faith by loving obedience, so the profession of virginity, if sincere and acceptable, will bear witness to itself by retiring from the delights and vanities of the world, by persevering self-denial; for the true virgin yearns for a heavenly prize, his hope and treasure is laid up in the bosom of God. Virginity, then, is no child's-play. Great indeed is the glory thereof; but it is purchased by conflict, "by overcoming the body of sin, the world and its pomps,

the infernal dragon, the roaring lion, the old serpent Satan, by the power of Christ, who will give strength for the combat by the preaching of His words and in the divine Eucharist." The sanctity presupposed by virginity, its high rewards, lead to the consideration of its sublime excellence, which the writer shows from the choice made by Christ of a Virgin-mother, and the virginity of His fore-runner and favourite apostle. The ground of this preference is, that the true virgin manifests in herself the life of Christ, and is a living image of God, who lives in her as in a temple consecrated by the unction of His Spirit. He passes on to practical advice, needed at all times, but still more requisite then, when the infant Church was assailed on all sides by the most atrocious slanders. He warns those who, self-deceived by pious pretences, would take up their abode with virgins, of the scandal they occasion, of the fearful risks they incur. He inveighs against those promiscuous gatherings, wherein ascetics mingled in all freedom with seculars of either sex, partaking of their meals, and even sharing in their excesses. He tells them to take heed of such who, under pretence of instructing, or consoling, or of exercising a gift of healing, wander from house to house, frequenting brethren or sisters who are virgins. They are idlers, trifling with vain questions, making traffic under the name of Christ, by the soft speeches wherewith they seduce the hearts of the simple. Against such he declares the judgment of God. He exhorts those conscious of a gift, a *charisma*, to submit their spirit to the scrutiny of the more spiritual brethren, and thus to publish the gift vouchsafed unto them. If any one have the gift of healing, which seems to comprise the power of exorcising, let him exercise it especially among the poor. He concludes by setting forth the praises of the true minister of Christ. "O beloved brethren, what more certain than that each one should edify his brother, and establish him in the faith of one God! Meet is it too that we envy not one another. It moreover befits all who labour for the Lord to do God's work in holy fear, as behoves them. Full well do we know that the harvest is great and the labourers few. Let us then pray the Lord of the harvest, that He send labourers to His harvest such as may speedily distribute the Word of Truth, so as not to be ashamed; faithful servants, who may be the light of the world, who will toil not for the food which perishes, but for that which endures to life everlasting; who, like the apostles, follow the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and are eager for men's salvation; not hirelings, enslaved to their bellies, who make traffic of religion and piety, and by honied words seduce the hearts of the simple; who feign themselves children of light, while they are darkness, not light, whose end is destruction."

The second Epistle contains sixteen paragraphs. It gives rules for the relations of God's servants with the other sex, and illustrates them by sundry passages from sacred history. The writer begins by showing how cautiously he behaves in his relations with women. "God helping, we neither dwell with women, nor hold aught in common with them; we take not our meals among them, nor do we sleep under that roof where a virgin dwells. No woman washes our

feet, or anoints us." . . . "Should it happen that when far from home night overtakes us, and the brethren constrain us, out of brotherly love and hospitality, to stay, in order to spend the night-watches with them, that they may hear God's Holy Word, and perform the ministry (Liturgy?), and may feed on the Lord's utterances, so as to be mindful thereof, they present to us bread and water, or aught else God may bestow, and we, yielding to their entreaties, prepare to spend the night in their midst,—if in that place there be any ascetic, we take up our abode with him, relying upon him for the various offices of hospitality." . . . "But if we see fit to stand up and pray, so as to meet the convenience of the women, and to impart to them the word of exhortation and edification, we call the brethren and all holy sisters together, the virgins and women of the place, that they may approach the banquet of truth in all decorum and modesty. Then those amongst us who have the gift address them, exhorting them in such words as God may inspire. After that, we pour forth prayers, and greet each other with a holy kiss, the men among themselves; but the women and virgins must cover their hands in their garments; and when we, in all modesty and watchfulness, with uplifted eyes, have covered our hands, they may approach, and imprint the kiss of peace on our right hand thus enveloped." He proceeds to describe his practice when the assembly consists but of married people. "The brother who comes to these must say: 'We, being consecrated to God, neither eat nor drink with women or virgins, nor do we receive any service at their hands. . . to the end we may be in all things without offence, and that no man be scandalised by us.' . . . Should it befall that there be none but Christian maids and matrons, and that they press us to spend the night in their midst, we appoint a fitting place of meeting, we inquire into their behaviour, and as we have heard, and according to the disposition we find them in, we discourse to them as God-fearing men. When all are assembled, and we see them at peace, we exhort them in holy fear, we read to them the Holy Scriptures reverently, and with words of piety at once earnest and severe. To the married ones, we speak in the Lord as befits their state. When it is late and the day draws to its close, we single out a matron advanced in years, and excelling by the gravity of her bearing. To her we commit the task of pointing out a place of retirement, where no woman or maid enters. She will supply us with all that is needed, and when the hour of going to rest is come, she shall depart in peace to her own abode." . . . "But should we come to a place where there is but one only Christian woman, and she be alone, in such case we neither tarry nor pray nor read the Divine Scriptures, but flee as from the sight of a serpent, from the face of sin. Not that we would despise this woman; God forbid that such be our feelings to our brethren in Christ! But as she is alone, we fear lest lying lips should speak aught of us that is shameful; lest we give a handle to those who wish to speak evil of us, or be a stumbling-block to any." . . . "It were not to our advantage that by us scandal should come." . . . "Thus will he who indeed loves

God behave; he who truly bears the cross, and puts on Christ, and has the love of his neighbour, he will see lest any take scandal from his frequentation of young women, and his tarrying among them, which is blameworthy and turns to the ruin of those who may witness it or hear thereof." . . . "Blessed is he who, to guard his chastity, is careful and fearful in all things!" If detained in a place where there are none but Gentiles, the writer proceeds to say that he abstains from every function of public worship, "unlike many who, for a mouthful of bread, for a little wine, sing the song of the Lord in the strange land of the Gentiles, and do what is unlawful. But you, brethren, not so; allow it not to be done amongst you; cause them to cease (depose?) such as would behave thus meanly and shamefully."

The second half of the Epistle inculcates by examples from the Scriptures the foregoing exhortations. It draws a moral from the fall of those Old Testament worthies to whom the indiscriminate frequentation of the other sex has been fatal, showing, on the other hand, how many, in the elder covenant, by care and watchfulness have been preserved undefiled to the end. The frequent allusion to the various charismata—the mention of the gift of healing, especially in cases of demoniacal possession, or molestation, which is represented as unattached to any particular order or office—may be pointed out as one of the many indications of the high antiquity of these Epistles. Neander has not been slow to acknowledge as much, as it favoured his anti-hierarchical views. An English version was published in the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, Oct. 1861.

2. St. Thomas of Villanova, whose active career embraced nearly the whole of the first half of the sixteenth century, was perhaps the most famous preacher of his time, and shares with a number of other Saints—principally, like himself, Spaniards—the glory of having been raised up for the defence of religion just at the time of the great assault made on it by Luther. Indeed, St. Thomas has a particular claim to be considered as a champion sent by Providence to repair the mischief done by the German heresiarch, as he was a member of the same religious order, in which he made his profession in the same year in which Luther consummated his apostasy. As the scene of his ministry was Spain, at that time the most Catholic country in the world, he had not much to do with the formal confutation of heretics: but it cannot be doubted that his labours contributed in no slight measure to preserve his country from the pestilence which laid waste so many other parts of Christendom. He had been a theological professor at Alcala before his entrance into the Augustinian Order, and he continued to discharge the duties of the same office as a religious in the monastery at Salamanca for a few years after his profession. He was the teacher of many very eminent men, who afterwards became celebrated as theologians. Dominic Soto, Alfonsus de Castro, and Melchior Camus were among his pupils. They were not members of his Order, but were attracted to his lectures, with crowds of others, by his fame for learning and

eloquence. His professorial labours were highly advantageous to himself as a preparation for his career as a preacher,—all the more because they forced on him habits of great industry, his memory being naturally defective, and thus needing great assistance from study. His fame for piety, zeal, and general sanctity, as well as his singular and most touching charity, which has been perpetuated in the Church by a religious Order called after his name, are too well known to need further mention. It is chiefly as a preacher that we are now concerned with him.

When we turn to what remains to us of many of the most famous orators of the Church, it is no uncommon thing for us to be greatly disappointed, and to wonder at the traditions which have come down to us of the marvellous influence which their words exercised over their hearers. In the case of some of the most celebrated of all, it is quite clear that we have only the scantiest notes of what they said—often, moreover, notes taken not by themselves, but by some well-meaning but incompetent admirer. This is notably the case with the sermons of St. Vincent Ferrer, and one or two others. In the case of St. Bernardine of Siena we have probably the elaborate analyses made by the Saint himself from which to preach as he might find occasion, rather than reports of his actual sermons, which were not written. Many of the sermons and exhortations of St. Francis of Sales, as they now exist in the editions of his works, are no doubt due to the recollections, more or less accurate, of the nuns or other listeners to whom they were addressed, just as his *Espit*, charming as it is in many respects, must not be read without the caution that a good deal of it may be coloured by the mind of that irrepressible gossip, Camus, who played to the Saint of Geneva the part which Boswell played to Samuel Johnson. In our own day, some of the later exhortations put forward under the great name of Père de Ravignan are, we fancy, the reminiscences of *Enfants de Marie* and others to whom he may have occasionally preached, rather than adequate reports of what he really said—and even in London churches gold pencil-cases have sometimes been seen at work taking notes of sermons which perhaps their authors would hardly recognise. There is every reason for expecting to find that published sermons as well as published speeches are by no means so effective on their readers as on their hearers. In the case of preachers like St. Thomas we have not only to add the consideration, which applies to the case of all true orators, that the speaker himself, his voice, and action, the manner in which he throws himself into what he says, produce at least three-fourths of the impression experienced by the audience; but we must also include the indescribable power of sanctity among the elements of his influence, giving an unearthly charm and force to his natural eloquence, and kindling his passionate earnestness into the fire and inspiration of an Apostle. Perhaps if his words had been taken down with perfect accuracy and fulness, we should have been less unable than we are to understand their wonderful efficacy: but the grace of the moment would have departed from them, and we should still be at a great distance from the

position of those who listened to them. At all events we must not be surprised to find, in this as in other like cases, that words which have been the instruments of the most marvellous changes of heart should not seem to us very wonderful in themselves.

It would appear that St. Thomas, though most industrious and even, in a certain way, scrupulous about the preparation of his sermons, did not usually write out at length what he meant to say. He prepared carefully the whole plan: the proofs which he meant to allege, the connection and order of the sermon. He always spent a considerable time in meditation on his subject before going into the pulpit. On one occasion he kept Charles V. waiting that he might finish this process. The Emperor, who was very fond of hearing him preach, came to the monastery, with all his Court, before the appointed time. He sent a message to St. Thomas, saying that he was there, and asking him to come at once. The religious replied that his Majesty must excuse him, as he needed all the time that remained for the study of his sermon, and that if he came at once, he should not preach at all. He seems, however, to have written some of his sermons. A number of these, more or less complete, fell into the hands of one of his friends, Father Muguaton, and would have been published before the death of their author but for his own earnest entreaties. After his death, his friend had become Bishop of Segovia, and was obliged by the occupations of his office to delegate the care of editing the sermons to another. This was Father Uzeda Guerrero, who published rather more than a hundred Sermons in 1572, about seventeen years after the decease of St. Thomas. Many of them are nearly complete, that is, they have all the parts of which the sermons of those days consisted. Others are without exordium or peroration, except in brief analysis. All were written in Latin, though here and there a few Spanish words are found in the originals. Of course they were preached in Spanish. Late in the seventeenth century, another edition of the Sermons was issued in Belgium by Father de Witte, which contained, besides those published by Uzeda, about as many more, which he had omitted on account of the very imperfect form in which he found them in their author's manuscripts. Another volume was promised, but the Augustinian monastery at Brussels was burnt down after the death of Father de Witte, and the papers he had collected were destroyed in the fire.

The French translation* now before us is almost wholly limited to the sermons first published at Alcalá by Uzeda. It will bring these admirable discourses within the reach of a far wider circle of readers than has hitherto had access to them. We are not sure whether they have been translated before into other languages. They are, as might be expected, full of thought, learning, piety, and unction, and, as they were in many cases addressed to members of religious communities, and to other persons familiar with the

* *Œuvres de St. Thomas de Villeneuve*, Religieux Augustin et Archevêque de Valence. Traduites du Latin par le P. V. Ferrier, Prêtre de la Miséricorde. 4 tom. Paris, 1866.

practices of the spiritual life, they often abound with hints for those who are seeking the highest perfection, as well as with instructions fitted for the condition of ordinary Christians.

3. Archbishop Manning has just published in a single volume* the series of pamphlets and letters which have emanated from him during the last three years on the subject of England and her relation to the whole body of Christendom. These republished pieces are four in number: "The Crown in Council on the *Essays and Reviews*," which was published soon after the decision given by Lord Westbury in the case of Mr. Williams and Mr. Wilson; "The Convocation and the Crown in Council," occasioned by the condemnation of the *Essays and Reviews* by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury; "The Workings of the Holy Spirit in the Church of England, called forth by Dr. Pusey's attack on the author as rejoicing over the calamities of the Establishment;" and, lastly, "The Reunion of Christendom," which explains the position taken up by the Holy See with regard to the Union movement, and particularly the "Association for Promoting the Union of Christendom," and in which, of course, some notice had to be taken of certain assertions and theories contained in the *Eirenicon*. The volume before us embraces also a quantity of new matter—chiefly in the form of a long Introduction. An Appendix follows, containing some documents, and some indulged prayers for the conversion of England. The chief interest, therefore, of the work centres in the new Introduction.

The bulk of this paper is occupied by an exposition of Dr. Manning's views as to the prospects of Anglicanism and of Catholicity in England. He remarks first of all on the great importance of the epoch through which we are now passing, more fruitful in organic changes and new developments of thought than any period since the Reformation. He then turns to the past history of Anglicanism. Quoting Mr. Taylor's *Retrospect of Religious Life in England*, he points out how the three successive phases of the prevalence of belief in Tradition, in Scripture, and in the principle of Free Inquiry respectively, have been passed through, and how the latter has swallowed up the two which preceded it. The Anglican Establishment has been gradually sinking since the Reformation. At first it retained much from old times: for it is difficult to Protestantise a great nation all at once. "The unwritten tradition and floating Christianity of a people once Catholic, survived for generations, as vital warmth lingers after a mortal wound, even after death itself." But the predominance of Puritanism at the time of the Great Rebellion swept all this away, and at the beginning of the reign of James the Second, Anglicanism had far less of Catholic tradition about it than at the accession of his father. Then came a second great blow in the Revolution of 1688, the result of which was, violent anti-Catholic controversy and the drifting of English thought and policy in the direction of Latitudinarian Protestantism. "Rationalism" now sprung up.

* *England and Christendom*. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. London, 1867.

Dr. Manning here uses freely the thoughtful Essay of Mr. Pattison in the *Essays and Reviews* as a witness to the tendency of thought during the last century. War had to be waged against Deism and even Infidelity, and latterly, the attention of the learned was riveted on the *Evidences*. Meanwhile, manners, as seems to be allowed on all hands, became extremely corrupt. Thus both the remains of faith, and morality itself, declined, and the consequences of the Revolution were worse than the immediate issues of the Reformation. Then we come down to our own times, in which the date which fixes the opening of a new period must be placed at Catholic Emancipation. Before this there had been a gradual return, in many particulars, to higher notions of Christian doctrine. When the Catholic Church was once set free, her presence called forth antagonistic movements from the bosom of the Establishment. The Tract movement in one direction, and the later manifestations of vigour and activity on the part of the Evangelicals in another, were the fruits, in a certain sense, of the challenge made to the Establishment by the presence of Catholicism, now unfettered. Dr. Manning does high justice to both these movements; and he assigns to the Evangelicals no inconsiderable share in the moulding of the Oxford movement itself. His account of the revival of piety, zeal, and doctrine, in the Establishment is very complete,—and he rejoices over it. “It has become now the acknowledgment of calm and good men among them (the Anglicans) that unless the Church of England be Catholic it is nothing; and that unless it be in substantial agreement of faith with the Christian world, it cannot be Catholic. This is to be found pervading the higher minds and natures of the Anglican clergy. In all this there is no disloyalty to their position, no unnatural appropriation of Roman doctrine, no unauthorised adoption of the Roman ritual,”—as in the case of the more extreme school, the latest development of Puseyism.

Dr. Manning then proceeds to intimate what he conceives are our prospects for the future. He thinks that the reign of Rationalism,—no longer incipient, as in the last century, but full-blown German Rationalism, as taught by Bunsen to Arnold,—is now only beginning. In this, we suppose, he would have Dr. Pusey agreeing with him. He then shows the essential rationalism of the Anglican and national theories, and illustrates his argument with much force from one of Dr. Tait's Charges to his clergy. He adds the consideration of the irreligious and rationalistic tone of the press generally, and the parallel characteristics of the society of the day. Then he adds the hostility to Catholicism as manifested in the latest phases of Anglican thought and practice, known by the name of Unionism and Ritualism. This brings him to a few words on the *Eirenicon*. He remarks that a great part of Dr. Pusey's volume is simply a proof of his own assertion in the letter to which the *Eirenicon* is—among so many other things that it is meant to do—intended to reply,—namely, that the Establishment “appeals from the living voice of the Church at this hour, and thereby denies the perpetual infallibility of the Church in all ages; and that this procedure is essentially rationalistic.” “This

is the affirmation of the third letter, to Dr. Pusey;—and to this the *Eirenicon* offers not a word of answer. In its multitudinous topics, all things are touched but this: and yet this was the one point vital to the whole question." On the book itself, he only adds two remarks: one of which characterises with deserved severity Dr. Pusey's statement—or rather, statement of a statement, for he has cast it on the world without having the courage to adopt it—that some "Ultramontanes imply a quasi-hypostatic union of the Holy Ghost with each successive Pope"—to which words Dr. Pusey has appended a note in which this opinion is said to look like Llamaism. Dr. Manning's other remark simply points out that Dr. Pusey's whole position rests entirely on his own private judgment. "The private judgment of the ordinary Protestant is limited and chastened by the side of this boundless exercise of the private spirit." As for Ritualism, it is "private judgment in gorgeous raiment, wrought about with divers colours." Both Unionism and Ritualism are in fact, in the intentions of many of their maintainers, a last resource against submission to the Catholic Church. But this implies also that they appeal to Catholic instincts, and cling to parts of Catholic truth. "If the *animus* of Unionism and Ritualism be to supplant the faith and worship of Rome, they must be set down as the last developments of the anti-Catholic spirit, which in the event of a future collision with the Catholic Church, would give all the intensity in their power to the rejection of the principle of Divine Faith. I hope better things for both. They have sprung from no controversial source, and their movement is towards Unity, and the only perfect worship of the Ever-Blessed Trinity in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass" (p. lxxxvii.).

Meanwhile, the tendency that prevails in other quarters in the Establishment is towards the widest possible comprehension of all shades of opinion and practice within its pale. In fact, the Church of England, as Lord Amberley and others propose, is to be made the Church of the English. Dean Stanley reads this fate for his Establishment in the mixture of races of which the people is composed. "The Church of England was a mixed and double Church, because England was a mixed and double nation." No doubt, putting aside revealed and fixed dogmatic truth, this is the idea of a national Church which a philosopher may well imagine, and which a statesman may well desire to see carried out. But it implies a general disregard of faith. This prospect, therefore, seems to point to a future collision with Catholicism, from which the religion of Englishmen will emerge with very little of Christianity left. Dr. Manning's Essay concludes with the consideration of the hopeful elements of the prospect in the present condition of Catholicism amongst us and the comparative inclination towards it which is so remarkable a feature of our own times: and with a recommendation of extended intercession for the great object of Reunion,

4. Dr. Trench, the Anglican Archbishop of Dublin, has long been known as the author of some interesting Notes on the Miracles and on the Parables, as well as for other contributions to the Biblical

literature of our time. Dr. Trench is well acquainted with some of the works of the Fathers, and even of mediæval writers, and appears to have carefully sifted the works of the more orthodox school of modern German Protestants. His erudition is well digested and judiciously applied: he has delicate feeling and a refined taste, and a tone of earnest piety runs through his writings. We cannot expect him always to rise to the level of Catholic doctrine, and his deficiency, of course, is now and then painfully striking in its effects on his views as an interpreter of Scripture. This drawback duly allowed for, Dr. Trench's Biblical works may be placed among the best productions of their class. They are always thoughtful, graceful, clear, and temperate: frequently condensing a considerable amount of learning with much lucidity, and occasionally very happy in their suggestions.

It would appear from the work now before us* that Dr. Trench had intended to carry on his labours on the Gospels on an extensive scale. The Essays which form this volume are, as he tells us, a few specimens of the component parts of a large work which he had projected, but which active duties now compel him to lay aside. This work would, we suppose, have formed, practically, a full commentary on the Gospels, a work of the kind and of the bulk of Stier's *Words of Jesus*, and other works of that kind. Dr. Trench is certainly very well fitted to produce such a work, and it would have taken its place, had he completed it, by the side of the famous book which we have just named. The Essays now before us are nearly all very interesting. Dr. Trench advocates strongly the attentive study of the Gospels. He remarks on the mistake which prevails that the difficulties of the New Testament are to be found chiefly in the Epistles: a mistake which ought to be made by no one but a school-boy, who will certainly find the Gospels and Acts easier to construe in the original than the Epistles. He speaks with equal force on the importance of a careful examination of the purpose and idea of each of the Gospels. "I am persuaded," he says, "that notwithstanding all which has been already accomplished, devout students of Scripture may for a long time to come find an ample, almost an inexhaustible, field of study in the tracing out in each the operation of this ever active law of exclusion and inclusion" (p. 2). This is said by way of introduction to his first essay, which treats of the Temptation: a mystery related by St. Matthew and St. Luke, and, in a summary manner, by St. Mark, but left altogether untouched by St. John, who alone of the Evangelists was near our Lord at the time. The other chapters of Dr. Trench's volume treat of such subjects as the conversation of our Lord with the woman of Samaria, the Transfiguration, the return of the Seventy Disciples and the dialogue which followed, the calling of Philip and Nathanael, the case of Zacchæus, the Penitent Malefactor (Dr. Trench protests against his being called simply a thief), the walk to Emmaus, and the like. This list

* *Studies in the Gospels.* By Richard Chevenix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London, 1867.

will be enough to indicate to readers who already know Dr. Trench's other writings what they may expect to find in his new volume. Many of the essays are simple attempts at the interpretation of difficult sayings and passages, such as that about the "children in the market-place"—as to which Dr. Trench makes a rather strange suggestion, that those who are said to have "piped" and "mourned" without effect are the Jews, and not our Lord and St. John Baptist—the "new piece on the old garment," and others of the same sort. One of the most ingenious suggestions which we have found in the volume is that which would have us suppose, that the three applicants or "aspirants" who offered to follow our Lord, or were summoned by Him to do so (Matt. ix. and the parallel place in St. Luke) were three who were afterwards Apostles—Judas Iscariot, St. Thomas, and St. Matthew himself. In this case, we should have something in the Gospels relating to the vocation of each of the Apostles severally, except those who were near kinsmen of our Lord.

5. Some time ago we drew attention to some of the very remarkable series of novels published in France by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. The same authors have just put forth another volume of the same character with *Le Conscriit* and *Waterloo*, which, while it echoes the protest borne by its predecessors against wars of ambition, seems also to breathe the same intensely national spirit, which a possible German invasion might once again kindle among the peasants and townspeople of Lorraine and Alsace. However, the merit of *Le Blocus** does not lie exclusively or chiefly in what may be supposed to be the secondary purpose of its authors in putting it forward just at this time. It has all the literary excellence of the former works from the same hands: and, if it strikes familiar chords and takes us back once more to Phalsbourg and the last struggles of Napoleon after Leipsic, it is only to revive pleasures and interests of which we are by no means weary. The story is extremely simple, and the charm is, of course, mainly contained in the manner in which it is told. This time MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have thrown a new tone over their canvas by making the narrator a Jew of Phalsbourg, the Père Moïse, and they seem to the uninitiated to have hit off this peculiar character—which is probably more common in Alsace than in other parts of France—to perfection. Moses tells us how he had managed to get off his two sons to America in time to avoid the conscription—how he married his daughter, and became the grandfather of two children—enough to save his son-in-law, also, from the terrible conscription—and how he invested a large portion of his little fortune in a speculation in spirits of wine, which he looked forward to making into brandy, and selling at a great profit during the "blockade" of Phalsbourg, the town of his residence, which became imminent as the allies pressed on Napoleon's retiring footsteps, and as preparations were made for the defence of the little town. The allies advance

* *Le Blocus*, Episode de la fin de l'Empire. Par MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris, 1867.

faster than the worthy Israelite had thought possible, and his pipes of spirits of wine, which have to be brought from a town in Lorraine, are intercepted by some Cossacks, who, however, are chased away in turn by a party of the garrison, sent out the same night by the commander—who, in common with his men, takes a deep personal interest in the safe arrival of the expected supply of so valuable a commodity. Moses himself, who has been made, much against his will, into a national guardsman, accompanies the expedition, the description of which is one of the best scenes in the book. A few similar incidents, such as were likely to happen in a frontier town at the time of Napoleon's last most brilliant but unsuccessful campaign for the defence of Paris, make up the staple of this delightful volume. Foremost among these incidents is the capture, trial, and acquittal of a deserter: a poor lad, like so many of the conscripts, torn cruelly from his home and only anxious to get back to it. The chief character in the tale, after Moses himself, is a surly but really good-hearted veteran, a sergeant who is quartered on the Jewish family in consequence of the spite of an official, who hopes by this means to annoy and worry them excessively. The sergeant turns out a very good friend after all, and contrasts very well with the characters of Moses and his wife. The story, of course, ends with the abdication of Napoleon, and the raising of the "blockade." On the whole, *Le Blocus* is one of the very best of the many good tales which these authors have combined to produce.

6. We are no admirers of Louis XIV., and we are ready to believe that the same tyrannical spirit which, much more than any devotion to the interests of religion, dictated the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, may have led to the infliction of much needless suffering on the Protestants who were imprisoned in consequence. We are afraid, however, that the *Autobiography of a French Protestant, condemned to the Galleys for the sake of his Religion*,* a translation lately published by the Religious Tract Society of the *Memoirs* of Jean Marteilhe in 1757, from a reprint in Paris in 1864, will hardly satisfy the appetites of the Society's habitual readers, whetted as they have been by the announcements in the preface that they have in their hands "a harrowing narrative of the odious consequences of religious persecution," and "a book of the first order, distinguished by the charming *naïveté* of the recital, and by its angelic sweetness, written as if between earth and heaven."

The writer was arrested at the end of 1700 at Mariembourg, on the frontiers of the Low Countries, where he had arrived safely after a journey of 200 leagues from Berjerac, in the province of Périgord, his native place, and was condemned to the galleys for being about to leave France without permission. From 1702 to 1713 he passed most of his time in the galleys, first at Dunkirk and afterwards at Marseilles. In the latter year the solicitations of Queen Anne pro-

* *Autobiography of a French Protestant, condemned to the Galleys for the sake of his Religion*. Translated from the French. London, 1866.

cured the release of the Huguenot convicts; and Jean Marteilhe, after a triumphal progress and much fêting and flattering in Switzerland, London, and Holland, settled himself to his satisfaction in the latter country, and proved, by living to the age of ninety-three, that the tortures to which he had been subjected had not much injured his constitution.

Nothing, of course, can excuse the injustice and inhumanity of sentencing a boy of sixteen to penal servitude for life for no other crime than that of professing the heretical tenets in which he had been educated as a child. And the state of a slave chained to the bench on which he sits and to the oar at which he has to tug, and liable to receive blows for carelessness or slight offences, is one that justly claims our profound sympathy. So that, if Jean Marteilhe had simply told his tale, and had not added, or allowed his pastor Daniel de Superville, who revised his work, to add, in almost every page, interjectional remarks about Jesuitical malice and the cruelty of the clergy, his narrative, although not exactly harrowing, and certainly not savouring of any thing angelical or heavenly-minded, would have been doubtless very interesting. But we should think that even to some of the subscribers to the Tract Society it must convey a sense of the absurd to be told, when our hero had entrapped a chaplain, by feigning to be thinking of abjuration, into a sort of promise that it should be followed by release, and had triumphed over his mistake, and the priest had thereupon ordered the officer to take him back to his bench,—“this incident shows the diabolical and cruel character of these missionaries;” or, again,—after the account of how an *attaché* of the French embassy in London said in a French *café* near the Exchange, in the writer’s presence, that the refugees ought to be hanged, and paid for his rashness by a severe thrashing, which was immediately administered by some refugees who were present, and who were with difficulty prevented from throwing him out of a second-story window,—to read the comment, “These incidents truly show what the Jesuits and their allies will do; they sought to persecute us in the safest asylums. One may hence judge of the favour with which they treated us when in their power.” Although the author or his commentator attributes almost every thing that befell him and his fellow-sufferers, and much more from which he was happily delivered, to the Lazarist Missionaries or to the ubiquitous Jesuits, he allows that their relations with himself were kind and friendly, and has no definite charge to make against them except that they held out the hope of release as an inducement to submit to the Church. It appears also from his narrative that both his sentence and most of what was severe in the treatment to which he was subjected proceeded immediately from the court, and was unwillingly enforced by the magistrates and officers; and that the Huguenots, although obliged to live and work along with the other convicts, were almost uniformly treated with greater mildness. The worst part of the whole seems to have been the march to Paris and thence to Marseilles, during which they had to walk all day with the long chain that connected the gang weighing them down, were miserably lodged at night, and

half-starved by the contractor, who pocketed the government allowance for their maintenance. At other times they were fed well, and often, when visited by monks or nuns, abundantly. The writer does not seem to have been a very observant person, and he has not much power of description; and the information about the mode of working the galleys, which we might have expected to be very interesting, is rather meagre. They were apparently propelled by fifty large oars, each manned by six convicts, and carried, in addition to these 300, a force of 200 fighting-men. The guns, five in number, were in the prow, and were discharged as the beak struck the vessel which was attacked. As they neared the enemy, the 300 rowers by loud shouts and the simultaneous clanking of their chains endeavoured to add to the terror of their approach. They could only keep the sea in calm weather; but they had the advantage over the English and Dutch frigates with which they were matched of drawing less water, and of possessing guns of a longer range. During six years of active service, the six Dunkirk galleys seldom achieved more than hovering about the mouth of the Thames, and firing with little result at any thing within reach, retreating precipitately if a large vessel came in sight, and still more if they saw any English red-coats—of whom the writer says they stood in terrible fear—near enough to get a shot at them. The only detailed description in the book, and the most interesting, is the account of an attack made by the whole squadron on a convoy of thirty-six merchant vessels under the charge of one English frigate, and of the clever way in which the English captain manœuvred and fought, so as to enable the whole convoy to pass up the Thames in peace by the sacrifice of his own ship. In this engagement our hero was severely wounded, and most of his comrades killed; but his wounds procured him exemption from hard work afterwards. The operations ended with the English occupation of Dunkirk, and the smuggling off of the Huguenot convicts, whose treatment excited the indignation of the conquerors, to Marseilles.

7. Many of our readers may have heard a story which has been for many years current about an Irish priest, whose brother had been found strangely murdered, and who had received the confession of the murderer immediately afterwards. The story goes on to say that the priest, of course, kept the secret thus confided to him, with perfect faithfulness, and that the murder, in consequence, remained undiscovered. At length, however, it is said, that the murderer, in false security, mentioned the circumstances of his crime to the priest out of confession, and was then by him delivered up to justice. We should have said that the story was imaginary—one of those hard cases which are invented sometimes by moral theologians in order to test the principles of their own branch of doctrine, and which, when they have relation to certain particular crimes and vices, are fastened on by inquisitive examiners of the Whalley and Newgate school, and brought up against the Catholic Church in triumph or derision. However, a French writer, M. Raoul de Navery, has produced this

story about the Irish priest in the form of a little novel,* and seems to mean us to take it all as a reality. He calls the priest the Abbé Fritz-Roy, tells us that he was born in 1765, that he went by the name of the priest with the bloody soutane—(his soutane had been stained with blood as he leant over his brother's corpse)—and that he was sought for by penitents who had committed great crimes of almost every country in Europe. M. de Navery distinctly asserts that his story is historical, and that the Abbé Fritz-Roy was a priest of Ulster, and lived to see Catholic Emancipation. We will venture at all events to say, that if the story is true, the name of the priest was not that barbarous compound which our author has given him. It is possible, no doubt, that there may be a foundation of fact for the main elements of the narrative. It is possible that particular circumstances may have made it a duty for the priest to use the knowledge he had gained out of confession, although he may at some time long before have had the same facts communicated to him in confession. It is possible also that a murderer might take the precaution of making a sham confession to the brother of the man whom he had murdered, in order to stop him from urging on the inquiries which might lead to detection. In the story before us, the Abbé Fritz-Roy has every thing to make him deliver the murderer to justice, when the secret has come out in a natural way. He is deeply interested in the heroine of the tale, the girl whom his brother was to have married. This poor girl is about to sacrifice herself for life by accepting the hand of the murderer, who has her family at his mercy, and is alone able to save them from ruin. Then the murderer follows him along the road in a state of half intoxication, and after repeated warnings, when he is beginning to refer to his crime, forces upon the priest the communication which places him under the power of the law. The story is well enough told: but we must confess that it is not altogether pleasant—the incidents are too exceptional for fiction.

8. *Thistledown*† is the title given by Mrs. Smith Sligo to a volume of verses, many of which are translations from the German, which seem to have been written without any view to publication, and to have been first collected in a volume for the amusement of her own children. A work such as this can hardly be very rigidly criticised: but Mrs. Smith Sligo's poetry is very often above the average, and we think that if she had here and there been at greater pains to polish her verse, she would have attained great success. We notice now and then careless rhymes, and that disregard of metre which consists in the insertion of supernumerary syllables. This is a fault which has crept into the works of very distinguished writers who have composed originally simply for themselves. One poem in the *Christian Year*, for instance,—that on Palm Sunday,—has two

* *Martyr d'un Secret*. Par Raoul de Navery. Paris, 1867.

† *Thistledown*. Verses, original and translated. By Mrs. Smith Sligo. London and Edinburgh.

out of its six stanzas spoilt by this irregularity. In the volume before us, almost the last poem is what might have been made, with a little more care, one of the best translations of the *Stabat Mater* in our language. It keeps very close to the Latin—following, as is generally the case when people are acquainted with it through the music to which it has been set by Pergolesi or Rossini, the older form, here and there amended in the present Breviary. But its versification is imperfect from the defect we have named. On the whole, Mrs. Smith Sligo's volume is a very agreeable companion, and we hope that the success she has already achieved may encourage her to write more—and perhaps, to devote rather more pains to her writing.

*The Pilgrim** is the title of a volume of verse, which embodies the reminiscences of a lady's tour abroad—a tour which she appears to have begun as a wavering Anglican, and ended as a sincere Catholic. It is, in fact, a sort of journal in verse. The first part contains an account of scenes on the journey to Rome: two parts are devoted to the Holy City itself, and another to the return home. The poetry is often graceful and pleasing, and never sinks below mediocrity: but the book will of course be chiefly attractive to those who have witnessed the same scenes and visited the same spots with the writer. We may give as a sample an account of the Festival of Corpus Domini at Meran:

"Why does the cannon rouse the echo's roar,
To undulate in circles round the vale,
Now faint, now loud, along the mountain's side,
Still grey in dawn? And why do peasants crowd
The narrow streets in holiday attire?
It is the 'Corpus Domini.' They come
Down from their Alpine vales; their summer huts,
Scarce visible aloft; their hamlets hid
Far in the mountain's bosom. Their wide hats
Are garlanded with flowers; their crimson vest
With sable leather crosswise braced, and girt
With broad black belt, where cross and holy word
Is broider'd with device of birds and trees,
Clasp'd by a silver brooch; their manly knees
Are bared for toil above the scarlet hose;
And on the instep bare the bright rosette
Clasps the low slipper, far too pliable
To cramp the foot which can outstrip the roe,
And match the chamois bounding on the rock.
The women, with their braided tresses, come,
Unveil'd except by downcast modesty;
Gold pin, and bodice white, and broider'd vest,
And ample folds of linsey, coated high
Above the ankle, like their ancestors.
They crowd the aisles, they crowd the altar-step;
Scarce can the patient Capuchin suffice
To give communion. Another Mass,
Another, yet another, while the crowds
Press up continuous to the marble rail:
Look at that cherub-boy; his curling locks

* *The Pilgrim*, or Truth and Beauty in Catholic Lands. London, 1867.

Fall from his upraised brow, and yet the priest
 To reach him stoops in vain ; he bids him stand,
 And so communicates : that tottering crone,
 Bareheaded, save one plait of snowy hair,
 Will sink amid the crush : that aged man—
 But no—he is borne on upon the press,
 As on the eddy of the wave the weed.
 Still stragglers came belated ; but the chimes,
 The bells, and cannons, mark the hour of seven :
 All eyes are fix'd upon the solemn Mass ;
 The Capuchin ascends the pulpit—all
 Turn to his earnest face ; his eloquent lips
 They hear, forgetful that the chimes rang four
 When they first knelt there, and that kneeling still,
 And fasting still, they listen to his voice.
 At length the priests descend in goodly line,
 With sacerdotal pomp, and acolytes,
 And then the canopy : before it still
 Each manly knee descends into the dust ;
 The women kneeling bend, and clasp their beads.
 Forth from the church's portal winds the train ;
 It passes down the street,—the casements high,
 The shops, the courtyards opening far within,
 Are empty. Should some maiden pass along
 The low arcades which flank the narrow street,
 She pauses, and with downcast eyes awaits
 The passing of that holy company.
 They go bareheaded in the burning sun,
 Priests, men and women, in succession long ;
 Their eyes still fix'd upon the dusty way,
 Though close beside them flows the *Passeyer*,
 Fringed by the broad cool avenue, and spann'd
 Aloft by the rough planks of Alpine bridge,
 Tempting the wanderers to the hamlets green,
 And meads and hills, and the far Alpine peaks.
 They skirt the lofty walls ; they pass the square,
 Where once Our Lady's statue wept to see
 The Gallic legions rushing on Meran :
 Those eyes were fix'd in marble gaze again,
 Though round her throng'd the crowd, and though they knelt
 While the Remonstrance glitter'd o'er their heads,
 And the Lord gave His blessing. Still unmoved,
 When from the square the long procession pass'd,
 They enter'd by the massive barrier-gate
 The steep dark street ; the canopy went on
 More slowly, and it waver'd oft and paused,
 So thick the crowds that kneel around the porch
 Of that throng'd churchyard ; and it stoop'd to pass
 The portal low, while from the western door
 The last of that long line were flocking out,
 To gird, as with a living belt, the town."

Mr. Oxenham's* little volume of poems is a republication ; though some of the pieces are considerably altered and almost rewritten, a good many are quite new, and some of the poems formerly included in the collection have been omitted. The volume is certainly improved by these changes, and contains a great deal of good and

* *The Sentence of Kaires*, and other Poems. By Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, M.A. London, 1867.

flowing verse. We must let our readers judge for themselves of the following piece, called "Dinas Emlyn:"

"Not for the snowy whiteness
Of the river's foaming leap,
Nor for the moon's clear brightness
Poured on thy mouldering keep;
Not for the bridgeway quaintly
Spanning the waters near,
Nor the rushing sounds that faintly
Ring from the distant weir.

'Tis not for these I love thee,
Though I love them passing well;
The power thou hast to move me
Owns a dearer, holier spell;
'Tis not because on beauty's crown
Thy jewels brightest shine,—
There are river banks full many a one
Fairer, perchance, than thine.

But none, like thee, have spoken
Of all that met my gaze,
The memory still unbroken
Of happy by-gone days;
A sweet, strong incantation
Comes wafted on that strain,
And the old association
Of childhood wakes again.

As thy waters glide before me
Through their rock-enchanelled bed,
Dreams of other days come o'er me,
Other lights are round me shed;
Through the old familiar places
I seem to roam once more,
While loved and long-lost faces
Smile on me from the shore.

There is a southern streamlet,
Child of the mountain floods,
By many a well-known hamlet,
Through the dear oft-trodden woods
That streamlet wanders ever
With sweet melodious noise,
Till the stream becomes a river,
And uplifts a river's voice.

In my ears that voice is ringing,
As along thy marge I stray,
To my gaze thy flow is bringing
That river far away;
And 'tis for this I love thee;
All lovely as thou art,
Thy beauty could not move me,
But thou speakest to my heart!"

"It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive."—(ACTS xx. 35.)

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[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Kind Reader! Much does St. Anne's Convent require a friend: at this moment, the Superioress and Sisters are suffering from the burden of a heavy debt of £1000, and are compelled to invoke the aid of the Charitable in their behalf.

In providing St. Camillus's Home for Female Incurables, and in creating a large Industrial School, for training young girls to earn their livelihood, the Community of St. Anne's have added very considerably to their present difficulties, but also, it is hoped, have done much to win for themselves the sympathy of every Catholic heart.

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(Signed)

JAMES McCABE, D.D., Chairman.
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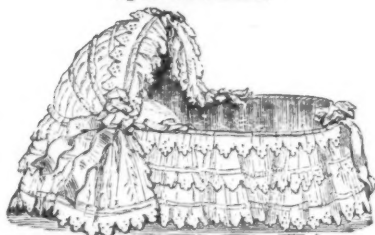
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